

AMERICA

A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

VOL. XXIV. No. 7 }
WHOLE No. 584 }

December 4, 1920

{ \$4.00 A YEAR
PRICE, 10 CENTS }

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHRONICLE	145-148
TOPICS OF INTEREST	
After the Tragedy of Brixton Prison—New and Old Psychology—Anti-Americanism and Anti-Catholicism—Three Italian Pastels.....	149-155
COMMUNICATIONS	156-157
EDITORIALS	
A Warning to Republicans—The Irish Tragedy—A College and Sectarianism—Self-Restraint or "Self-Expression"?—Contributors to Our Austrian Relief Fund	158-160
LITERATURE	
Algernon Charles Swinburne—Beauty Beneath Whose Hand—Reviews—Books and Authors.....	160-164
EDUCATION	
Music History in Our Schools.....	165-166
SOCIOLOGY	
Prisoners Marking Time.....	166-167
NOTE AND COMMENT.....	167-168

Chronicle

League of Nations.—The main burden of the agenda before the Assembly having been shifted to the Commissions, the work of the general meeting of the Assembly

has been restricted mainly to discussions of broad policies. One exception, however, has been the Armenian question. The Armenians are suffering at the hands of Mustapha Kemal, who, in spite of the fact that he is nominally an outlaw, is in possession of Anatolia. After prolonged discussion, in which it was made evident that the League of Nations has no force with which to crush Kemal, and that economic pressure is not practicable, it was resolved by the unanimous vote of the Assembly that the Council of the League should take steps immediately to have negotiations opened with Kemal. The Council accordingly directed an invitation to be sent to all members of the League and also to President Wilson, to volunteer for the task of mediation. The Council declared that it was ready to consider all offers. The invitation to President Wilson is as follows:

The Assembly of the League of Nations voted the following resolutions on Nov. 22:

The Assembly being anxious to co-operate with the Council in order to end, in the shortest possible period, the horrors of

the Armenian tragedy, requests the Council to arrive at an understanding with the governments with a view to entrusting the power with the task of taking necessary measures to stop hostilities.

The Council of the League has, after consideration, decided to transmit this request to the governments of all the members of the League and to the United States Government in order to find a power to use its good offices to end the present terrible tragedy as speedily as possible.

The proposal does not involve a repetition of the request to accept a mandate. While the Council does not wish to suggest that America should assume unwelcome duties it felt bound to offer it an opportunity to undertake this humanitarian task, as the fate of Armenia had always aroused especial interest among the American people and as their President had already agreed to delimit Armenia's boundaries. As the matter is one of great urgency, the Council ventures to ask for a reply with the shortest possible delay.

HYMANS.

Conflicting national interests in the East make the Armenian question difficult to settle.

One of the most persistent features of the Assembly meeting has been the demand for greater publicity with regard to the doing of the Council of the League. This demand received greater emphasis from the statement made to the Assembly by representatives of Lithuania to the effect that Polish troops, consisting of fifteen divisions, were invading Lithuania. In view of this fact, Lithuania demanded that Article XVI of the Covenant be applied, by which it is enjoined that if a member of the League goes to war without first having tried other means to avoid conflict, it shall be subjected to economic blockade and such military and naval action as shall seem advisable. M. Ignace Paderewski, speaking for Poland, denied that any regular Polish troops were fighting against Lithuania. Sir Robert Cecil insisted on this instance of secrecy under which the Council was working and demanded more publicity, the absence of which, he declared, is prejudicing the League in the eyes of the world. M. Hymans promised that the facts of the case would be made known.

The meetings at Geneva have made it increasingly evident that very little is expected of the League during its present session in the way of definite, practical progress towards the solution of the

The Commissions big problems. The findings of the Commissions have not yet been officially reported, but the general trend of their conclusions has been made more or less public property. There seems to be a general impression that it is better to be content for the present with launching the League and suspending final decisions on matters of detail until

the nations not members of the League have made their attitude more clear.

In all probability the matter of disarmament will be left an open question. The small nations have been insistent on the immediate execution of the disarmament clauses, but their demands will be overruled principally because of France's distrust of German intentions, but also because there is a general feeling on the part of the other great nations that immediate disarmament would be precipitate and ill-advised in view of the chaotic state of Russia and the uncertainty attaching to the future action of the United States on the Treaty and the League.

It is also likely that the Commission on amendments will report adversely on making any changes in the Covenant, until it is clearly ascertained what modifications must be made if the Covenant is to receive the approval and ratification of the United States. Serious opposition has been made to giving to the Court of International Justice the power to compel disputants to submit their differences to its decision. If this opposition prevails the Court will become nothing more than an arbitration board to which the power under stricture may or may not at its own discretion submit its case. Without compulsory jurisdiction the Court would be shorn of its main usefulness, but international jealousies are still too strong to accept the scheme that was drafted by the jurists at Brussels.

The Commission on Mandates has appointed a permanent mandate committee, consisting of nine members, of which five are representatives of non-mandate States. This committee is to receive reports from mandatories, which reports are to be submitted to the Council, which in turn will submit them to the Assembly. The committee will have power to receive complaints and to render an opinion, which however will not be binding but merely advisory. The mandate question has been further complicated by the note sent to Great Britain by Secretary of State Colby. The note maintained that the United States has a right to be consulted on the terms of mandates according to the Versailles Treaty and the Covenant. This contention is in direct opposition to the stand taken by Great Britain, that the terms of the mandates can properly be discussed only in the Council of the League of Nations and by the signatories of the Covenant.

Ireland.—The *Manchester Guardian Weekly* for November 12, contains many interesting items from the report of the mission sent to Ireland by the Women's International League. In Belfast the committee found that as a result of expulsions from the Belfast shipyards and linen mills, 24,000 men, women and children are being maintained by relief organizations. Continuing the report declares:

Since July 21, the intermingling of Protestant and Roman

Catholic families which took place during the war in certain districts has ceased, and those who are not Unionist are compelled to live in a ghetto as strict as that in any Central or Eastern European city. The police are armed, and the soldiers help in police work. The minority regard this only as an extra menace and not as a protection, feeling that the soldiers are in the Unionist interest. After the murder of two policemen, the houses of Sinn Feiners were attacked and burned and two Sinn Fein men deliberately shot. It is commonly known that a number of Unionist men in the shipyards carry arms, yet at night the soldiers go to the Roman Catholics to search for arms, and scenes of violence and terrorism occur during the search. We were struck by the frank confession that the business interests of the majority in Belfast and the surrounding areas must be protected, and the calmness with which the Protestants in all areas of Ireland, even in those parts of Ulster where a Protestant majority cannot be secured, are thrown over in order to make the Belfast majority secure.

We found in the east, west, and south that the so-called 'reprisals' against the civilian population were sometimes organized by the soldiers (who are English and the majority very young indeed) sometimes by the Royal Irish Constabulary (who are mostly Irish), and sometimes by the new armed forces attached to the constabulary (who are mostly English ex-service men, many of them ex-officers), known as Black-and-Tans. It was not infrequent that where one of these bodies had organized a bombing and incendiary party another had tried to protect the people and their houses. It was perfectly clear that many of the raids were authorized, and were not due to the men getting out of hand.

Reference must be made, as regards the country districts in particular, to the constant raiding of whisky shops and the carrying away of large quantities of strong drink by the Black-and-Tans, also the frequent looting of jewelry, clothing, money, foods, &c.

The presence of secret agents, spies, and *agents provocateurs* was a frequent subject of conversation, and added greatly to the prevailing state of nervous tension. We heard many stories of the placing of incriminating evidence (such as arms, ammunition, or seditious papers) in a raided house by some secret agent of the Government, who came as 'guide' or as Secret Service man.

War to the extent to which it is waged by Sinn Fein against England is waged on the system of government alone, and the will to be friendly with the English people still exists to an overwhelming degree, in spite of the apparent (to them) indifference of the English concerning the fate of the Irish people.

The conclusion comes to by the members of the mission is that Dail Eireann rules over the Irish people by the overwhelming consent of the people; that the British Government, attempting to rule against the will of the people, can only do so by force complicated by fraud; that this state of affairs leads to the economic ruin of Ireland, the economic injury of Great Britain, to a still more disastrous moral injury to Great Britain and to her reputation in all the world.

The destruction wrought in certain parts of Ulster was more minutely described by Dr. Kerr of Belfast, who recently spoke, in Manchester, before the Salford Diocesan Federation. According to him

Catholic property to the value of £1,500,000 had been destroyed; 1,000 ex-soldiers were homeless and 2,000 families had been driven from their homes. In Lisburn, damage had been done to the extent of £800,000. Refugees were scattered over the mountain side, and nuns had been compelled to flee for their lives. In Belfast 218 business premises belonging to Catholics had been looted, burned or destroyed, while every Catholic house in Lisburn had been wrecked.

Another speaker at the same meeting, Mr. Fegan,

Registration Secretary of the Workers' Committee, said that his committee had 5,898 and 2,203 women on their relief list, while 159 were dealt with through the post. On the day he left Belfast 600 new applications for relief were received. Sad to say 400 ex-service men were among the victims of Orange brutality; one of these was the sole support of an aged mother; his father had been killed during a battle at sea and two brothers had been killed in the army; the soldier himself won the D. C. M., the Military Medal and two parchments and had been mentioned in dispatches. A youth of twenty had been shot while assisting a mother and eleven children who were flying from Orange rowdies. And so the sordid tale continues, illustrating the savagery of Orangemen who even while demanding protection for a minority are yet exterminating an inoffensive minority in Ulster itself. A Protestant contributor to the *Nation* sends this interesting item:

In Mallow anyone can see, as I did, with their own eyes, the large handsome houses burned to the ground; there they are and it is useless for any Hamar Greenwood, or Carson, or Lloyd George, to deny it. There is a magnificent milk factory all in ruins, thousands of tins of preserved milk on rubbish heaps, all the newest, finest American inventions and machinery (many of them just installed) broken to bits, everything black, charred, and burnt to cinders; 500 people in Mallow thrown out of employment for the winter, most of them women and girls. I visited many of their homes and they are in blank despair, with starvation staring them in the face, no food to cook and if they had, no fire to cook it with, and all this done by the forces of the Crown, the men who are sent here to keep order.

But the Irish correspondent of the *New York World* draws this picture which is far worse:

Combined with ruthless dragooning of the country, the policy is to bring about food and coal famines. Railroad services are being steadily withdrawn. The plans framed by the Dublin Corporation and other local bodies throughout the country to meet a food shortage have been simultaneously seized by the military and police, new restrictions on motor vehicles are framed to prevent the moving of supplies to areas where famine is expected, while systematic destruction of crops, cattle, fodder and live stock has been in operation for weeks throughout the south and west of Ireland by armed forces of the Government. It is not surprising that trade is rapidly coming to a standstill throughout the country. Ireland's need of food in a few weeks may be more acute than that of Belgium during the war.

To add to this misery, murder and looting are still frequent. Last week, for instance, in the space of forty-eight hours thirty-eight persons met with violent deaths, seventy-nine were injured and thirty-eight were tried by courts-martial. Of these twenty-nine were convicted and nine acquitted. Of course, Sinn Feiners are still "killed trying to escape," a significant expression meaning "were murdered." Wholesale arrests are the order of the day. According to press dispatches, over 1,000 Sinn Feiners are now in jail, amongst them Arthur Griffith.

Of course, Mr. Lloyd George expressed great and unfeigned surprise at Griffith's arrest, and an enterprising press agency announced to the American cousins of the

British that Mr. Griffith had appealed to the British to protect him from Sinn Fein. Hence the arrest. It has not yet been explained why the palace of the Archbishop of Dublin was raided, nor, yet, why another priest has mysteriously disappeared.

Italy.—The municipal elections went strongly against the Socialists and extremists. The *Avanti*, the official organ of the former, can neither hide nor explain away the decisive defeat of that party.

Municipal Elections

There are yet some doubts as to the returns in certain districts, but according to the Milan correspondents of the *London Daily Telegraph*, the Constitutionalists or Liberals, and the Popular or Catholic party, as it is sometimes though not altogether correctly called, carried 4,700 municipalities, the Socialists 1,800. The latter thus find themselves in the position in which they were two years ago. The main struggle in the electoral contest was between the Constitutional Union and the Socialists. The Constitutional Union is to a large extent composed of the former members of the old Constitutional or Liberal Bloc, whose activities and political power were at their height from 1907 to 1913. During that time it stood out against the Socialists and extremists, and in their victory it may be said that the moderates returned to power. Everywhere the Socialists made a vigorous campaign, but on a platform which was rejected by the majority of the Italian people. They prevailed, however, as was expected, in their strongholds of Milan and Turin. From the electoral lists of the former city every representative of moderate ideas was rigidly excluded. But even in Turin and Milan Socialists carried the elections with small majorities, by 700 in the Piedmontese capital and by 300 in Milan. They also carried Bologna, where riots have several times broken out since; Modena, Ferrara and Pavia. On the other hand the Constitutionalists carried Rome and Venice and completely overwhelmed their opponents at Bari, Naples, Genoa and Florence.

The Popular party did less well than might have been expected, carrying no more than about 1,040 electoral districts. Those acquainted with the political situation in Italy find the explanation of these results in the fact that the Constitutionalists had a thoroughly organized campaign and managed it on patriotic lines for the safety of Italy. They were, moreover, greatly helped by a well-drilled and sympathetic press. With the exception of a few districts, the Popular party held aloof from the Constitutionalist campaign. It may seem strange that the former party did not fuse with the Constitutionalists, since the latter had a program which in its main lines was patriotic and sound. But the Constitutionalists counted so many Freemasons and profiteers in their ranks that the Popular party thought it hardly consistent either with their economic or civil duties to support the party. The *Osservatore Romano* frequently declared that the Holy See was entirely outside of the contest, but

just as clearly made it understood that in the Constitutionalist ranks, the influence of the Palazzo Giustiniani, the headquarters of the Grand Lodge, was too evidently manifest.

The failure of the Popular party may also be due to the fact that the appeal to the electorate was conducted on the old majority system instead of on that of proportional representation, the principle of which had been established by the Chambers, but not in time to be employed in the municipal elections. It is to be regretted that all the forces of law and order represented both by the Constitutionalist and the Popular party were not united against the Socialists and the extremists who would imitate the excesses of Bolshevism. It is equally to be deplored that the Constitutionalist should have sought a questionable backing and fought under a questionable color. But there is no fear, we are told, that there is to be a return to the methods of the notorious Signor Nathan, even if Signor Vanni should try to revive them. It is certain, on the other hand, that the Popular party will support with all its influence any patriotic measure that is for the genuine welfare, political, civil or economic, of the country. It is a subject of regret that the Popular party did not win a more striking success. But it is equally a subject of congratulations for Catholics and patriots everywhere in Italy, as well as a happy augury for the future, that the elections mean a decided blow to the forces of disorder.

Rome.—The *Osservatore Romano* gives the full details of the reception accorded by the Holy Father to the German pilgrims, the first pilgrims from what were known in Italy as the "enemy" countries during the war. The pilgrims had spent a week in Rome visiting

The German Pilgrimage

the holy places of the city. At the audience granted to them by his Holiness, after he had said Mass for them earlier in the morning, there were present in addition to the pilgrims themselves, a large number of German ecclesiastics, and residents of Rome, including students of the German-Hungarian College. The German Ambassador to the Vatican, Herr von Bergen, was present at the audience. Archbishop Schulte, of Cologne, headed the pilgrimage and read an address of homage to the Holy Father, in which he feelingly spoke of his own satisfaction and that of his countrymen for the happiness which once more was theirs, of visiting Rome and of assuring the Holy Father of their lasting fidelity. In his reply, the Holy Father expressed his sincerest thanks for this act of loyalty. The Archbishop of Cologne, he said, had spoken of the Pope's work for the sufferers of the belligerent nations during the war. That, continued the Pontiff, was a labor of love, and he himself could not but allude to what others, and among them Mgr. Schulte, who was then Bishop of Paderborn, had done to help him. It was a labor, the Pontiff added, which together with the burdens of the Pontificate, God had placed upon

him, and one which he would always carry out as he had tried to do during the dreadful crisis of the war. He knew that German Catholics would help him by virtuous conduct both in private and public affairs to ensure what he had so much at heart. They were the first to come to Rome, said the Pope, after the close of the war, which had made so difficult the situation of the Holy Father who had children in both warring camps. They must be the first, not only in time, but in effort, to restore cordial relations among Catholics at least. The peace to which the Holy See looked must be founded on the concord of all its children in the profession of one doctrine and one charity. The peace which he hoped to see reigning among them, signified not only absence of war and warlike feeling, but courtesy, refinement of manners, domestic harmony, and that progress in arts, sciences, even material and physical welfare, which were the natural consequences. His Holiness then called down the blessing of Heaven on the German Bishops and clergy, on the German Catholics and in a particular manner on the pilgrims present, and on those who had not as yet been received into the true fold.

In a few months, according to definite and official information given in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, a new Catholic University will open its doors in Milan. The selection

The Catholic University of Milan

of the great Lombard city is a happy one, as it is the center of Socialist and Bolshevik activities and affords a splendid rallying point for the Catholics of Northern Italy from which, with the weapons of higher education, they can fight the forces of evil. The most eminent Catholic scholars of the peninsula had long ago asked for the erection of such a university, and had been seconded both by the Bishops and the clergy. Professor Toniolo had been one of its most earnest advocates. So had the Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Ferrari. But it was only in the summer of 1918 that the latter could definitely begin to organize the great work. The *Vita e Pensiero* Publishing Societies, the Italian Philosophical and Psychological Society gave their generous support. Scholars like Father Gemelli, O.M., Dr. Necchi and Don Olgiati outlined a program of work, while Signor Rossi and Signora Barelli studied out a solid financial basis for the undertaking, which everywhere met with hearty cooperation. Financial help came in large and generous measure from Don Carlo San Martino and especially from Count Lombardo. The latter acquired for the University the splendid old monastery buildings of the Humiliate Nuns, thoroughly restored them and adapted them to their future purposes. The Minister of Finance, Signor Meda, Monsignor L. Gramatica and many others equally distinguished, contributed to the success of the enterprise. The statutes of the new University were drawn up by Father Gemelli and presented by the Cardinal Archbishop, to the Holy Father, who gave them his entire approval.

After the Tragedy of Brixton Prison

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

THESE are not times in which one is inclined to optimism. Nevertheless, it seems to me that when the story of Ireland's latest struggle for freedom comes to be written, it may well be that the last week of October and the first days of November, 1920, will be noted as the turning point of the conflict.

I am writing in London on November 6, the day kept in Ireland as the feast of the Saints of Erin. It is the closing day of the great novena for Ireland ordered by the Bishops. There surely never was a national movement in which Bishops, priests and people were more united and I doubt if there ever was one in which prayer was more widely used and more confidently relied upon for securing its success. A priest, an Englishman, told me of the prison at Frongoch when it was crowded with Irishmen after the rising of 1916 and said that to visit it was like visiting a Franciscan friary. The prisoners had improvised and decorated a beautiful chapel, and at various hours they met there for the rosary or other prayers. This is typical of the whole movement. Crowds meet to pray outside the Irish prisons; there never was a time in Ireland when so many went to daily Mass and to the altar rails. While Terence MacSwiney was enduring his long agony in Brixton jail, a great chorus of prayer for him went up from all the Irish world.

I feel sure that during these two weary months his cell at Brixton was for him the anti-chamber of heaven. Without claiming a miracle, it can surely be said that his long endurance was something beyond the ordinary course of natural events. Strength to suffer and live on came from the daily Communion and the prayers and Masses that were offered for him wherever Irish people are to be found, whether in Ireland or scattered by cruel fate over the rest of the globe.

And here I must say that the Irish nation owes a deep debt of gratitude to a prelate who is not of their race, but has always been devoted to their cause, Bishop Amigo of Southwark. He had already shown in many ways his goodwill to Ireland. When the Lord Mayor of Cork was brought to Brixton prison, in his diocese, he not only made more than one effort to secure his liberation, but rendered him a still better service. In virtue of his right of appointing the Catholic chaplains of the prison, he at once secured for Father Dominic, the Lord Mayor's chaplain and confessor, free access to the prison, and arranged that he should say Mass several times each week at the prisoner's bedside. When at last death released the Irish hero, Bishop Amigo placed his cathedral at the disposal of his friends for the lying in state and the Solemn Requiem at which he himself presided. He gave to Terence MacSwiney the highest honors the Church can give to a layman, and did not hesitate to allow the Republican flag

to be used as a pall for the coffin as it lay before the high altar of the cathedral.

It may well be that the day of Terence MacSwiney's funeral rites in Southwark Cathedral will be counted in the future as marking a turning point in the Irish fight for freedom. Had the Lord Mayor died in an Irish prison, the news would have come to the millions in England only as one more incident in the tangled story of the Irish conflict. But his death at Brixton made it an event that came home to all as almost within their personal experience. The great London papers that circulate all over the country were full of it. There was the tense interest in the question of what would be the next step of the Irish leaders and the Government. There was a secret intrigue in the official world to prevent any popular demonstration, but it failed. Then tens of thousands in London itself witnessed a funeral that had some characteristics of a triumphal march, and all England heard of it. For the first time the realities of the Irish struggle were brought home to the people of England. They saw something of its tragedy and for the first time tens of thousands among them felt a generous admiration for the Irish martyr of freedom.

The funeral procession in London had its sad and solemn aspect but as I have said there was a dominant note of the public assertion of Irish right. As an English journalist put it: "The dead man had triumphed." I doubt if any capital in the world has ever seen such a sight. There have indeed been more stately obsequies of sovereigns, soldiers and statesmen, conducted with all the pomp of courtly and military ceremonial. This funeral procession in London was largely made up only of the marching files of men and women, mostly the former, all in the plain garb of everyday life. But what gave it its unexampled character and significance was that it was the funeral of a member of the Republican National Assembly of Ireland, an officer of the Irish Republican Army, officially a rebel, who had just died a prisoner in a British prison. That he should be thus publicly honored in the heart of the capital of England shows that it is not England, but one section only of Englishmen, that is hostile to the just claims of Ireland and a party to the present régime of heartless coercion. If England were solid behind Mr. Lloyd George's Government the funeral procession would never have been permitted, and London would not have seen the new Irish tricolor flying in its streets, and the hearse that bore the dead escorted by officers in the uniform of what is legally a rebel army.

The procession did not start from Southwark Cathedral for fully three-quarters of an hour after the appointed time. I passed along the route among the waiting crowds. They were largely made up of Englishmen, as

was shown by the fact that few bought the Irish badges and the little portraits of the dead Lord Mayor offered by the street sellers. Lines of policemen, wearing the black gloves of funeral parade order, kept the route with mounted men posted wherever an important side street sent a stream of wheeled traffic across it. It was a fine mild day and the people waited very patiently, the crowds increasing as the time went on. A London crowd has a traditional instinct of order, but when there is a long delay one is not surprised to see a certain amount of mild horseplay, and there is noise, joking and laughing to pass the time. On this day there was a strange silence everywhere. The people stood quietly and if they spoke it was in low tones.

Using the underground railways along the line of route I was able to watch the head of the procession and the hearse pass several points in succession. I first watched it moving along the Blackfriars road, a broad avenue of South London, where the onlookers were mostly workmen. Then I saw it pass over Blackfriars Bridge watched by a crowd of city business folk as it turned on to the Thames embankment. I saw it again near Temple Station and then went on to the crossing of Kingsway and Holborn and saw the whole procession pass by. My experience everywhere was the same. So much of the London press is bitterly anti-Irish that I expected to see here and there some manifestation of ill-will, but there was none. In the Blackfriars road, as the cross traffic stopped, everyone seemed on the alert to catch the first sight of the funeral. Then as the mounted police appeared leading the way the crowds of men along the sidewalks seemed to come to "attention." Men stood erect and silent and as the hearse appeared every head was bared. The pipers playing their lament went by followed by the priests with the crucifix, many a well-known English priest among them. Then came the hearse, with the coffin covered with the new Irish flag, and the soldiery escort in their rebel uniform, and with them the line of police on each side acting as a further escort. It was like the impossible happening. Looking back along the broad road one saw a long line of the tricolors marking the heads of various detachments in the moving column. It is this flag that draws machine-gun fire in Ireland. Here were the London police guarding it in its progress through their city.

At Blackfriars Bridge, at the Temple, all along the route there was the same reverent attitude. These London crowds honored the dead apart from all questions of politics and in so doing did honor to their city. I heard one man say: "I don't agree with his ideas but I honor a brave man." This was the attitude of many, but it set them thinking all the same. One English friend, the manager of a great business, said to me afterwards: "I saw the procession. I was stopped by coming on it on my way into the city. I felt so deeply the meaning of what I saw that I was no good for business later. I could only think of what it meant."

There were many faces at every window along the route but only in two places was any symbol of special sympathy displayed. A green flag flew from a window in Aldwych. At the crossing of the processional route with the line of Holborn and Oxford Street, one of the busy cross roads of London, there was a more marked token of friendly feeling. As the head of the procession appeared a green drapery was dropped from the window of the offices of "The Catholic Encyclopedia," and over this was hung out the white and yellow Papal flag. It was a happy improvisation of the Irish national colors. I had reached the offices just before this and watched the procession from this window. All along the line of marching men, more than a mile long, thanks and acknowledgements were returned with hand or hat or handkerchief. One of the leaders of the procession told me next day "Our people were delighted with that sign of friendly sympathy." I think they would have been still more pleased if they had known that it was due to the kindly thought and action of an English friend of Ireland.

It was another Englishman who said to me two days later "The Londoners were splendid, but this wretched Government has spoiled it all." The news had come of the scene at Holyhead when the detachment of the Black and Tan police from Dublin took the coffin from the mourners to carry it off direct to Cork in order to prevent the obsequies in Dublin. I know at first hand that the arrangements for the funeral, including the landing at Dublin, the procession there and the transfer by rail to Cork, were submitted in advance to the Government in London and agreed to. It was only when the coffin, escorted by mourners and friends, was on its way northward by rail, that the officials set the telegraph to work and organized the midnight "body snatching" at Holyhead. The news produced a very painful impression in London, among English as well as Irish people. My friend's words, "They have spoiled it all," expressed a general feeling. Honest Englishmen felt their Government was disgracing them.

And I do not think I exaggerate the facts when I say that from that moment there has begun a revulsion of feeling on the Irish question. I do not say that Englishmen generally are fully alive to the urgent need of a settlement of the Irish question on lines that will satisfy Irish opinion. But I do say that day by day the public feeling is gathering weight in the direction of a sense that the Government, in its campaign of terrorism in Ireland, is disgracing England and that there must be an end of this orgy of lawlessness. A welcome sign of the times is the fact that steps are now being taken to organize a "Peace with Ireland Committee" under the leadership of a Conservative member of Parliament, Lord Henry Bentinck. Its program is not to deal at first with the problem of an Irish settlement, but to rally all men of goodwill on the common ground of protest against the official campaign of murder and arson in Ireland.

New and Old Psychology

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

THE recent death of Professor Wilhelm Wundt, who was for many years professor of philosophy at the University of Leipzig, marks the end of a phase of the modern teaching of psychology which deserves more than passing notice. About the beginning of the third quarter of the nineteenth century Professor Wundt established a laboratory of psychology. The idea of doing experimental laboratory work to elucidate mental activities was very startling, but so in line with modern scientific methods as to attract attention immediately. As the result of this revolutionary departure experimental psychology became the center of interest in a great many modern universities, above all in Teutonic and English-speaking countries. It might be expected that in philosophy at least, men would be quite sure to keep themselves free from that tendency to follow after fashion which has come to be such a marked characteristic of humanity in modern times. Fashion-following represents after all the influence of suggestibility over human nature, and it must not be forgotten that probably the best simple definition of hysteria that we have is super-suggestibility. If philosophy may be presumed to have any practical result in life and conduct it would surely be expected to control hysterical tendencies.

What is novel is sure to catch attention, but philosophers might be reasonably expected to be immune to this failing in humanity. Apparently, however, the thoroughgoing persuasion of progress through evolution, which followed the discussion provoked by Darwin's book, had rendered that generation especially susceptible to all ideas presumed to be new and therefore suggestive of development. Experimental psychology became all the rage. Here in America the rising generation of young university men were caught by this new-fangled fad for investigating the mind by means of instruments of all kinds, and by experiments made upon sense and muscle reactions. The old psychology of reflection was spoken of contemptuously. Indeed, most university men considered no psychology worth while unless it had some very direct connection with Wundt and the new German methods. This was only one phase of that worship of things German which came to take possession of our institutions of learning in the later nineteenth century. In the course of twenty years at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century something like two-score laboratories were founded in the United States, as the direct result of the Leipzig professor's influence. To have studied in Wundt's laboratory was the all-sufficient index of capacity to make students understand the working of the human mind as it had never before been understood. Universities sought eagerly for those

who had taken courses with the master at Leipzig, and would scarcely accept any others.

Experimental psychology was the order of the day. A few years ago a writer in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* pointed out that at the International Congress of Psychology of 1890 the section on experimental psychology established only at the preceding quinquennial session advanced to be one of the most important in the Congress. By 1895 so much attention was paid to it that it seemed as though other sections might be dispensed with or at least combined in such a way as to secure reasonable attendance at their sessions, so little attention comparatively was paid to them. By 1900 interest in the new phase of psychology had waned, and since then quinquennial sessions have shown a further decrease in interest. A more recent fad, behavioristic psychology, appeared and is holding attention.

I suppose that the psychologists of the world would be likely to think of themselves as least susceptible to suggestion. Yet there is the history of a phase of modern psychology as an acutely critical French observer told it. Meantime the course of Professor Wundt's own mental attitude toward psychology, new and old, is extremely instructive. When experimental psychology came to be the center of interest, it seemed as though it was going to do away with all the old-fashioned spiritual ideas, which the devotees of the new cult claimed had hampered the progress of real study of the human mind. Animistic psychology was to be definitely a thing of the past, as the result of the latest developments in the concrete study of the mind in action. Here in America particularly university students were treated to a frank teaching of materialism which, emanating from the department of philosophy and supported apparently by the experimental results of the laboratories of psychology, seemed to leave them nothing on which to found belief in the existence of a soul.

But after a time it came to be definitely recognized that the so-called experimental psychology was not psychology at all, but only a study of reactions in the nervous system of humanity. The mind was something quite apart from that and while, of course, the nervous system was as important as the sensory system—which had been the other subject of study in the new departure—in providing the material of knowledge for one faculty, it had nothing to do with thinking at all.

Professor Wundt himself came to recognize very clearly what lay behind his experimental laboratory work. While so many experimental psychologists, especially the younger men, seemed to think that Wundt's work made very distinctly for a materialistic explanation of the facts

of mind, he himself was very far from any such conclusion. He stated his own mental attitude with regard to this extremely important subject in a straightforward and quite unmistakable way. His words are worth having before us now that his passing closes a period of psychological teaching and investigation. He said:

The results of my labors do not at all square with the materialistic hypothesis, nor will they fit in any more with the dualism of Plato or Descartes. It is only the animism of Aristotle which by joining psychology to biology, concludes in a plausible metaphysical explanation for the data furnished by experimental psychology.

It is rather startling to have the founder of what was considered the very latest advance in psychology thus revert to Aristotle's explanations of psychological phenomena, though Aristotle wrote nearly 2,500 years ago. Manifestly there is still some truth in the old saw that we are all born Aristotelians or Platonists, even down to today. Sir Henry Maine once suggested that "Whatever lives and moves in the intellectual order is Greek in origin," and while the expression is not absolutely true, it is surprising how often the Greeks prove to have anticipated some of our most striking conclusions in the modern time. They had a marvelous power of penetration which enabled them with a far less amount of information than we possess to think out their problems and reach conclusions which we, with all our accumulation of details of knowledge and observation, can only confirm in our time. We used to hear much that was derogatory of the Middle Ages, indeed, we still hear it from those who know no better, for its devotion to Aristotle. But the more we know about Aristotle, the more we realize what marvelously good judgment medieval scholars had in taking Aristotle as a guide. Some authority there must be for the great majority of men, and though any authority slavishly followed will lead astray—for as Albertus Magnus said, "even Aristotle was not a god and therefore not infallible"—there is less danger in Aristotle than almost anyone else.

Catholic universities are often proclaimed to be almost hopelessly backward because of their adhesion to Aristotle and his great medieval commentators. We heard much about this especially when Pope Leo XIII recommended St. Thomas Aquinas as the guide for teachers of Catholic philosophy. At the moment it seemed to the world of secular education hopelessly reactionary to try to turn back human thought thus, above all in psychology in which, under the leadership of Professor Wundt, our generation was supposed to have made such great progress. Yet Wundt himself was evidently just at the time thinking out his conclusions in Aristotelian terms. Probably the best commentator on the situation which thus developed is to be found in Cardinal Mercier, whose own work in psychology proved such a fine stimulus to conservative views, when materialism seemed to hold the field in psychology. He pointed out just how a true science of psychology could be worked out. After all our

study of physiological psychology, experimentally and otherwise, our generation found it extremely difficult to understand or explain the influence of mind on body and in turn, of course, of body on mind. Explanations that were offered, emphasized the one or the other of these two elements almost to the exclusion of the other. Cardinal Mercier pointed out the intimate union there was between soul and body, in such a way as to explain thoroughly and suggestively what Professor Wundt meant by his expression "the animism of Aristotle." His words are worth while for every teacher not only of psychology but of all the higher branches and they are an extremely valuable and suggestive formula for physicians and clergymen who have much to do with the human mind and the human body and their very intimate relations to each other.

If we hold with Aristotle and the medieval philosophers that man is one substance composed of matter and an immaterial soul, that there is a relation of dependence between the higher and the lower functions; that there is in a man not a single higher operation without its physical co-relative; not an idea without an image, not a volition without a sensible emotion; then the concrete phenomenon offers to consciousness the character of a complexus at the same time psychological and physiological. In that theory and in that alone, the existence of a science of psychology is entirely justified.

Professor Wundt's work, though it ends in his acknowledgement of Aristotle as his master, has not been in vain. Quite the contrary he has helped to illuminate many dark passages in the puzzling problems of human thought and its modes and activities. It is interesting to realize now that his legitimate successor in the field of psychology instead of being one of his immediate disciples is the great Belgian Cardinal whose books have meant so much for genuine philosophy. Meanwhile our Catholic philosophy and psychology which so many thought behind the age is carrying on the tradition of Aristotelianism which Wundt came to acknowledge so frankly as the terminus to which all of his work was inevitably directed.

Anti-Americanism and Anti-Catholicism

GEORGE BARTON

HOW many persons have ever stopped to think that the forces which now threaten to destroy the American Republic are the same as those which have been fighting the Catholic Church for generations?

It is an ill wind that blows no one good. The fight for religious liberty which has ended so successfully in Michigan has had the effect of illustrating that truth in the most effective manner. It has brought thousands of fair-minded non-Catholics to scrutinize the Church, and it has enabled them to see that anti-Americanism and anti-Catholicism, in many respects, are synonymous terms.

In the first place it is beginning to be understood that the Catholic Church is at home in this freest of all free

republics. The members of that Church fought for this country at a time when the ancestors of many of the present generation of anti-Catholics were enlisted with the paid Hessians who tried to throttle American liberty in its infancy. Catholics risked their homes, their possessions and their lives in a "sacred cause" and founded a nation which has civil and religious liberty as two of its corner stones. It is a matter of satisfaction that it was the Catholic founder of Maryland, who first enunciated the principle of religious liberty that has remained unshaken to this day.

There has never been a war in this country in which the members of the Catholic Church did not do their full part for the Republic. The words of the immortal Washington come ringing down the years. This truly great man, who did not praise lightly, said to the Catholics of his time:

And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic Faith is professed.

There are those still living who recall the part taken by Catholics in the Civil War and the Spanish-American war. Even now, as a tardy act of justice, the United States Government is engaged in placing markers on the graves of the nuns—beloved Angels of the Battlefields—who bound up the wounds of those who fought in the great conflict of 1861-1865. The part taken by American Catholics in the great World War is too recent to need mention at this time. But enough has been said to make it clear that Catholics have an immense stake in this country, and that they can be counted upon to make any sacrifice for the preservation of the American Republic.

All of this is so well known and understood that it hardly seems worth while to call attention to it. Yet this summary is desirable because it so utterly refutes the stale slanders of the professional anti-Catholic. When it is generally accepted, as it must be some day, it will rob the sower of religious dissension of his most effective slogan. In a word the civil and the religious aspirations of the American Catholic are in perfect harmony. In one respect even the forms of government of the two bodies are along the same lines. In this country it is the proud boast of the people that the humblest boy, without wealth or influence, may aspire to the highest office in the gift of the citizens. In the Catholic Church, only a short time ago the son of a peasant became the successor of St. Peter.

The World War is over; the Presidential succession has been decided in the United States, and all good citizens are now expected to cooperate for the solution of the many problems which must be solved if the people are to have peace and prosperity and the Republic is to endure. Not the least of these is respect for authority and the protection of life and property. Three distinct

perils threaten the Republic: the destruction of unborn children,—sometimes called by polite names but really murder,—divorce and Socialism. The one affects the individual, the other the home and the last the State. All of these are sapping the life of the nation in a subtle manner. But to the average citizen the most terrifying menace comes in the form of anarchy or Bolshevism. Its ugly face has already appeared among us, and for a year or more the Department of Justice has been trying, against great odds, to get rid of it.

The futility of trying to combat this dangerous peril with man-made laws alone has become apparent. The Secret Service has been enlarged and strengthened for the purpose, and it has done great work, but it must be evident that it is waging an uneven struggle unless it has assistance from other sources. The Government only recently recognized the evil and began to organize against it a year or two ago only. But there is another organization, with Divine origin, which has fought it from its very foundation, and that is the Catholic Church.

Statesmen of the higher class have long appreciated the invaluable aid which has been given them by the Church. The late Senator Hanna was one of these, and he never hesitated to speak of the debt which the Government owed the Catholic Church in this particular. He was not a member of the Church, but he was always a generous contributor to its activities. He was a warm friend of Archbishop Ireland and it was his boast that he never "turned down" an appeal from a nun or a priest. In his rough and ready manner he referred to it as the "insurance" which he paid on the life of the Republic. In a recent public address former Governor Edwin S. Stuart, of Pennsylvania, also a non-Catholic, declared that it was impossible to overestimate the debt which the Government of the United States owed to the Catholic Church in this regard.

It might be possible to cite many other public men who have given similar testimony. Have they exaggerated the amount and the quality of this service? Let us see. Suppose that the Government had the power to send out 25,000 trained, educated, loyal and courageous men to preach the doctrine of obedience to constituted authority. Suppose that these men had influence over millions of their fellow-citizens who looked to them for guidance and instruction. Suppose that this army of patriotic officials built and equipped 16,000 buildings at their own expense from which to spread propaganda for law and order. Would it not be considered a wonderful thing for the Republic? If this service were paid for out of the public treasury it would cost millions of dollars for salaries and billions of dollars for equipment.

Yet all of this is being done now for the Government by the Catholic Church in the United States. There are approximately 25,000 priests and more than 16,000 churches where loyalty to the Government is taught and preached in and out of season. All of this is being done without a penny of expense to the taxpayers, that is to

the non-Catholic taxpayers. We may add to these the many thousands of parish school buildings and the labors of 50,000 nuns, not to speak of the academies and colleges and universities, all of which teach the same doctrine. This is a labor of love and of patriotism that could not be purchased for money. Yet, ludicrous as it may sound, there are men who would destroy this system.

Consider for a moment what would happen if all these churches were destroyed and if all these workers were to quit their work. It is unthinkable, and it is impossible because the Catholic Church is indestructible, but imagine the chaos that would ensue if such a thing were possible. It must be perfectly evident to thinking men and women that man does not live by laws alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God. Governments are formed for the convenience of the governed, and they live solely by the consent of the governed. I speak of course of democracies and not of autocratic and tyrannical forms of government that carry within them their inevitable doom.

It is admitted by all reasonable men that the Catholic Church stands like a stone wall against every form of anarchy and Bolshevism. This has been admitted by great statesmen in every country. Their testimony has been given time and again, but now for the first time we are confronted by these perils in the United States, and it is right here and now that the inestimable value of the Church comes into play. It is a factor that cannot be ignored. Under the circumstances what folly it is to fight the institutions of that great organization. Before and during the World War we talked a great deal of the necessity of preparedness. What would be thought of the man who would strip the nation of its fortifications and disband its army on the eve of a war? Yet that is the very thing that is proposed by those who would wreck the Catholic Church. We are about to face the greatest enemy of the Republic in the shape of Bolshevism, and yet there are deluded souls in our midst who would destroy the most powerful weapon we have for meeting and defeating that enemy.

The Hamilton measure, the proposed amendment to the State constitution of Michigan which, had it been adopted, would have closed every parish school in the State, is a sample of the sort of thing which we are called upon to combat. Aimed at the Church it was also a blow to the security of the State. That this was appreciated by the real friends of the United States was proved by the whole-hearted way in which it was denounced by President-Emeritus Hutchins of the University of Michigan and other leading non-Catholics. They declared that it was neither constitutional nor just, and that it aimed at the liberty of religious worship.

Those who oppose the parish schools as un-American forget or ignore the fact that Americanism of the highest type is taught in these institutions. They object to the comparatively short time which is devoted to the teaching of Christian doctrine, and yet part of that teaching

is to instil into the minds and hearts of the pupils the necessity of obedience to constituted authority. The catechism is placed in the hands of every child and every catechism contains this fundamental instruction. The Bishops and priests of the Church are constantly supplementing this teaching in their public discourses. The lives of most of these men have done more for the cause of law and order and social justice than can ever be estimated. Can any one question the pure and sturdy Americanism of Cardinal Gibbons? Can any one of sound mind conceive the idea of his participation in any movement that would threaten the life of the Republic?

It is a significant fact, and one not lost on thinking men, that the bitterest and most malicious attacks upon the Catholic Church in the United States come from sections of the country where illiteracy is most pronounced. More white persons are unable to read or write in the States of Georgia and Alabama than in any other part of the nation. Their opposition to the Catholic Church is conceived in ignorance and malice just as the opposition of the Bolsheviki to the Government of the United States is conceived in ignorance and malice. Thus the Church and the State in this country are facing the same type of foes. Thus we find that anti-Americanism and anti-Catholicism come to have the same meaning, as they are understood in our day and generation. The next few generations will determine whether the United States of America, as conceived by the fathers of the Republic, shall endure. The battle has begun and it must be fought to the finish. With a full and unprejudiced knowledge of all the facts who can doubt that the Catholic Church is the hope of the Republic?

Three Italian Pastels

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M. D.

I. KING DEATH

THERE is a mortuary chapel down near the Tiber in Rome, nearly opposite the Janiculum, where the walls are decorated with arabesques made of human vertebrae and ribs, and the altars are built of bleached skulls.

I stood at the deep casement of this chapel one All Saints' day. Along the western bank of the tawny river were masses of brown shadows, and a changeful film of light, like the iris of a fire opal, wound down the middle of the stream.

I saw far off the dark top of a pine
Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
That bound it to its native earth—poised high
'Mid evening hues along the horizon line:

one of Wordsworth's pines of Monte Mario.

A single heap of vermilion cloud hung in the southwest, where the sun had flung away his chlamys in retreat; and the sky, elsewhere clear, glowed near the hills, as the orange flame of a taper is seen through incense

smoke. Higher up it was canary colored, like the light within the cup of a yellow poppy; farther up it was wan green as wet swale grass in May.

Within the chancel of the chapel sat a gigantic skeleton, tricked out with scythe, hour-glass, and tinsel crown, to represent King Death.

Every one had left the place because the uncanny evening shadows were creeping in. I heard a light footfall, and, looking away from the sunset, I saw a child, less than three years of age, coming in from the street. Black clusters of curls tumbled about the little brown face, and the eyes were like those of a fawn.

She was not afraid of skeletons yet. She went over to King Death and knelt at his knee. Then she made the sign of the cross as she had seen her mother make it; and after a moment of imitative prayer she flitted out, unsteady as babies run.

II. LISTZ'S GONDOLIERA

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears.

The Gondoliera begins beyond the ilexes at the Punta della Motta, where the Adriatic is blanching on the beach under a round moon. After the soft chime of the breakers come strange sea-sounds from the bells of the spirit galleons of Antonio, wearing down Levantward through the quapping waves of jet and lit crystal.

A gondola sweeps up toward the Molo, and Jessica's dark hair is warm against Lorenzo's crimson cloak.

On such a night as this
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Far off are two great pillars of silver—to the right, the campanile of San Marco; beyond the Canal Grande, the campanile of San Giorgio Maggiore. The white light floods the broad lagoon. On a thin drift of snowy cloud lies the gold sickle of Venus, but the remainder of the sky is like the velvet dusk of black roses.

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.

The gondola swims onward, the ripples patter under the prow; the long oar sways and sips, and forever from it drips the same short tinkling bar of melody, reiterant like the crooning of a cushat in June.

The gondola drifts onward a great black swan. Suddenly a *piata* shoots out of the Rio della Pietà and crosses its wake. The boat is filled with laughing, singing girls. They are as white roses. They are gone.

The dome marbles of Santa Maria della Salute shimmer before the steel beak; the gondola slips more slowly after its own flitting shadow.—Hark! out through the gray and azure dusk drifts the ravishment of the carillon near San Marco telling the hour and the watch on that grim ship at anchor chants:

"All's well!"

III. IN ARA COELI

A gray wintry day in Rome and very still. In Ara Coeli the shadows were black, and a diagonal line of wan light lay thinly along the nave of the church. Under the faint glow near the main altar knelt a bishop upon scarlet cushions left there on a priedieu by the sacristan after the visit of an old cardinal.

The bishop was a large, stately man. His tonsure, symbolical of a renunciation of the world, was exactly shaven; his broadcloth cassock was carefully fashioned; the *ferrajuolo* which fell between his shoulders to the ground was of black watered silk, and both were very new. You could see the glint of a gold buckle on his trim shoe, which was but half covered by the folds of his cassock. On his left hand, which rested on the long, silken nap of his clerical hat, shimmered a great emerald from the episcopal ring. The white right hand held a gold snuff-box. He prayed with marked recollection and tranquillity.

About twenty feet to the right, at the end of the line of pale light falling from the roof windows, and kneeling upon the marble pavement, was a layman. There were holes through the upturned soles of his shoes, and his cheap black clothing was dirty. A blue handkerchief was wrapped about his creased neck; he was bald; his nose was sunken at the bridge; his eyes were smoky and red-rimmed.

The church was very still. There came at times into the silence the sharp yelp of the two miserable wolves kept by the city government near Ara Coeli in memory of the foster parents of Romulus.

Presently the man on the floor forgot where he was; he looked up toward the ceiling of the church; he began to speak aloud in a tense, whining voice, and two wet lines glistened on his cheeks. He said:

"St. Adam, thou that filledst the earth and hell with pain and sin and death, pray for me!"

"St. David, lecherous murderer, but who becamest a prophet after God's own heart, pray for me!"

"St. Mary Magdalen, street-walker, but who wast kissed by the Madonna, pray for me!"

Then he was silent, and his yellow face was turned toward the altar. The bishop stared at the man and ejaculated:

"*Ma che!* that's a queer prayer!"

The bishop soon arose, genuflected profoundly, took a pinch of snuff from his gold box, left the church by a side door, and went away in his carriage, which was standing near the bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius, the philosophic emperor.

The other man knelt on the pavement until the Angelus rang. Then the Franciscan sacristan came out, shuffling his sandals along the marble floor, and as he passed the penitent, the monk rattled the church keys significantly. The kneeling man arose, glided out of Ara Coeli into the darkness, and the gates clanked shut.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule should not exceed six hundred words.

Some of the Debt Due Catholic Austria

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The golden jubilee of St. Catherine's Hospital, one of Brooklyn's most successful and important institutions for the amelioration of the ills of suffering humanity, has just been commemorated with special ceremony. The occasion may also serve to call attention to a chapter of the record of the debt we owe to Catholics of Central Europe. The hospital from its foundation has been in charge of the Dominican Sisters, and these Sisters located in Brooklyn in 1853 at the instance of that famous Austrian, the Very Rev. Johann Stephan Raffener. "His large experience was beneficial to me, while his humility and zeal helped me. He was indeed a model for the priesthood," said Archbishop Hughes of him at his requiem, on July 19, 1861. Father Raffener had come to New York from his native Tyrol in 1833. He was the founder of St. Nicholas' and St. John's churches, New York; of the great Holy Trinity and eight other parishes in Brooklyn; of the Holy Trinity in Boston and twenty missions in western New York and New Jersey.

The Dominican Sisters to whom he gave charge of his school in Brooklyn in 1853 were sent over from the community in Ratisbon and their expenses across the ocean were largely paid for by the Ludwig Missions Verein of Munich, which also gave them an annual donation for several years following. Few American Catholics of the present generation know that this Ludwig Missions Verein, which was founded in 1838 to help the American and other missions, during its first half-century, contributed \$2,688,418 for that purpose and of this total \$834,835 was given to the poor churches of the United States during the period between 1838 and 1863. This was in addition to the traveling expenses of the missionaries sent out. To Father Raffener's influence much of this was due.

Besides this generous contribution to the building up of the poor dioceses and parishes here, equally large amounts were received also for the same purpose from the Leopoldine Association of Vienna—that Vienna that now will starve unless the charitable in the more favored communities come to the rescue. This Leopoldine Association was organized in 1828 and between that date and 1867 gave \$622,042 to the churches of twenty-two dioceses in the United States.

Its founders defined its purpose as intended "to promote the greater activity of Catholic missions in America." The funds were derived from the weekly alms of the members. This money was to be "conscientiously applied, and in the most economical manner, to the urgent wants of American missions as they are made known by authentic accounts and careful investigation."

The history of St. Catherine's, Brooklyn, can be repeated as that of many other successful foundations all over the country. The Catholics who today enjoy the benefits these institutions have brought to their localities, now have a chance to repay some of the debt they owe to their trans-Atlantic brethren for the generous charity that started the founders in their work.

Brooklyn.

T. F. M.

Are Pilgrims Puritans?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Writing on "The Pilgrims and Popular Education," Dr. Walsh sponsored these two statements: (1) the Pilgrims founded Harvard College; (2) on their arrival the Pilgrims "proceeded at once to establish schools in every little town and hamlet." These statements I called in question, quoting unimpeachable historical testimony to show: (1) that the Puritans, not the Pilgrims, founded Harvard College; and (2) that the Puritans, not the Pilgrims, established the first schools in New England.

In his rejoinder Dr. Walsh makes no allusion to the only points at issue between us, but rallies with the astounding defense that "for the great majority of Americans the distinction," between the Pilgrims and the Puritans, "is so slight that it is not worth making." To this defense I can only say that the criterion of truth is not an impression, even though held by "the majority of Americans," but objective evidence. It is probable that the great majority of Americans still regard the Puritans and the Pilgrims as the original apostles of civil and religious liberty, but this mistaken persuasion is surely no reason why sober historians should perpetuate the absurdity. Nor is there any valid reason why historians should perpetuate the common mistake which draws no distinction between the Pilgrims of 1620 and the Puritans who settled in Massachusetts Bay in 1630.

The distinction is neither subtle nor slight. One settlement antedated the other by ten years. The Pilgrims were out-and-out Separatists who bore as little love for the Anglican Establishment as they did for the hated Papist. The Puritans, on the other hand, far from favoring Separatism, professed themselves, and for some time were, faithful members of the Church of England. The two foundations were made under different grants; the Pilgrim, first by grant from the London (South Virginia) Company, and later, in May, 1621, by patent from the reorganized Plymouth Company; the Puritan, under charter obtained from the Crown in 1629, creating a corporation styled "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England." And, finally, up to 1692, Plymouth and the Massachusetts Bay Colony were distinct political entities, as separate in government as, for instance, present-day New Hampshire and Vermont.

I respectfully submit that there is more than a distinction "not worth making," between colonies founded at different times and under different auspices, professing different religious allegiances, and conducted as mutually independent political commonwealths.

I need hardly say that I accept Dr. Walsh's indictment of both Pilgrim and Puritan as "a pretty sad lot as far as religious or civil liberty is concerned." I never questioned it. In my former letter, I had stated, purely as a personal opinion, that the Pilgrim Colony never practised the degree of intolerance assumed by the Puritans, and I still hold that opinion. But I am not here concerned to defend it. My sole protest is directed against the perpetuation of the common but indefensible misuse of the terms "Pilgrim" and "Puritan." "Pigs is pigs," and Puritans is Puritans, and Pilgrims, Pilgrims.

I may add that I am not one of Dr. Walsh's "dear New England friends," but a Southerner in exile in New York, who has long admired the splendid services of Dr. Walsh in the defense of religious and historical truth.

New York.

WARREN LENDRUM.

The Definition of Capitalism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Dr. Pallen in his communication to AMERICA of November 20 objects to my definition of capitalism. First of all, however, he objects to the word, capitalism. The word is derived from the word capital and capital is, according to Dr. Pallen, the means of production and distribution. Any system of private ownership of capital, he says, is capitalism; though I am not sure I take it that he means also that any system of ownership of capital is capitalism. Capitalism would then be an economic system based on the means of production and distribution. In other words, capitalism is almost a meaningless word and can be applied to any economic system,—to a slave system, to the system in force in the free cities of the Middle Ages, to the system dominant in the early days of the United States, to the present system and even to Socialism. Against this, I rely on Webster and common usage.

He says the definition is an indictment of the *laissez faire* theory and not a description of any set of facts now existing or existing at any time in the past. Since I cannot prove the definition in a short letter, I must rely on the judgment of the readers. In my description of present-day facts, I said that the predominant means of production and distribution are owned and controlled by a comparatively small part of the people. I do not deny that there are brakes to the control, but I maintain that the brakes do not stop the control by the few. I say also that the propertyless section are forced to work for those who own the means of production and distribution. They are not forced by the law. They are only forced by their desire to live a normal life and support their dependents. They also work for other people's primary advantage and profit. They get their livelihood for their work and the others will not hire them normally unless they can get profits from it. When men are hired, it is because the employer feels that he will get the first advantage. Of course the employers get all the profits.

The third objection to the definition is that it is pleasing to the Socialists. It may please the Socialists, but it is a short-sighted pleasure. For if Catholics grasp the true inwardness of capitalism and put into effect the fundamental changes called for by the Pastoral Letter, "Social Reconstruction," Father Husslein's "Catholic Social Program," and Father Pesch's "Solidarism," then there will be no Socialism. A definition of capitalism is a certain help in urging people to put into effect the changes called for with much unanimity by Catholic social teaching.

Washington.

R. A. McGOWAN.

Ireland's "Friend in Disguise"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of November 20 we notice a communication entitled "A Friend in Disguise" by J. D. F. In this communication the author calls England Ireland's friend for the following reasons: (1) Her "atrocities" have kept the Irish spirit inflamed. (2) By reducing the Island to pauperism, and exiling her children she gave Ireland the glory of building up "American Catholicism." (3) Germany or France in England's place would have assimilated Celtic culture. There is not the slightest historical foundation for any one of these reasons. Germany has no power of assimilation, the German States are today as distinct as when the Empire was founded. On what historic facts does he base France's wonderful power of assimilation? If J. D. F. would read "The Irish Race," by Father Thebaud, S.J., and the review of that book by Orestes A. Brownson, he would learn from both of these distinguished scholars that Celtic culture and civilization, so far from depending on persecution and exile for life, are the oldest, the highest, the strongest and the most enduring form of culture and civilization known in the history of the world. Ireland has assimilated all her conquerors. The Dane and the Anglo-Norman became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." The little English Colony in the north is today thoroughly Celtic in habit and thought, and its loyalists, the rebels of 1914, are nothing more than hired mercenaries of England, holding ninety per cent of all the offices distributed by the English Government; their pretended loyalty is nothing more than a political *quid pro quo*.

It was not English atrocities or exile that urged the Irish Saints and scholars, in the days of their glory, to follow in the wake of the Huns, the Vandals and the Goths, building schools and churches in every land from the British Isle to the doors of the Vatican. Are we to regard as friends Nero and his successors because they graciously gave crowns of martyrdom to the early Christians, or the Serpent in the garden of Paradise because we have gained more in Christ than we lost in Adam?

Fifty years ago Brownson wrote of this friend of ours:

England leads today what is called the civilization of

the world, and she gets credit for humanity! The civilization she leads is based on trade, and has for its chief elements plunder, robbery, fraud, deception, oppression, cruelty, ferocity and self-laudation. It is only varnished barbarism, and hardly even that. . . . If, in her later years, she has somewhat softened, and begun to think of mending her ways, it is owing chiefly to Irish influence, which for 700 years she had labored in vain to crush.

What Ireland needs today is not apologetic statements about "friends in disguise," but friends in the open who will tell the whole truth even though it shames the devil.

Cortland, N. Y.

P. D.

Creed and Custom Among Jews and Catholics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The editorial, "Rare Discrimination," in AMERICA for November 6, suggests some reflections. If our people were as "tenacious of creed and custom" as the Jews, they too would be able perhaps, to have their holy days recognized by other people. Have you ever known, a Catholic owner of a big store, or a small store, to close up on the Feast of All Saints or the Immaculate Conception? Place a Jew on a public board and he is not afraid to be known as a Jew. Ask him to sit at a banquet at which pork is served, or which is held on a day of fasting, and note his answer. But Catholics will not hesitate to accept an invitation to a Friday banquet, and some of them will even eat the chicken, fearful lest somebody might think they were "old-fashioned." Regardless of what I may think of the school board in New York, I have only admiration for the Jews who secured a holiday for the teachers of their faith. If there is any one thing which is responsible for discrimination against Catholics in this country, it is that some of those who have public offices act as if they had something to apologize for, if not to be ashamed of. I am reminded of what President De Valera said to a meeting of Irish-Americans during the Chicago convention: "If you don't believe in the Irish Republic yourselves, how can you induce other people to favor its recognition?" The trouble with some of our people is that they are too much inclined to mold the actions so as to suit other people and without reference to their own rights. Lots of us are Catholics and Irish but we do not work at it.

Tulsa, Okla.

A. F. SWEENEY

Relief for Ireland

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Numerous inquiries have reached and continue to reach me from all sections of the United States relative to distress in Ireland and the adoption of adequate and appropriate measures towards its relief. I find it impossible to deal with the large volume of such communications, and accordingly deem it well to state through the press for general information the position and the problems requiring solution in Ireland at this time. The situation resolves itself briefly into the following details:

The transportation and distribution of foodstuffs within the country are now practically at a standstill in three provinces; unemployment is general, consequent on the shutdown of the railroads, the destruction of creameries, shoeplants, hosiery factories, aerated-water concerns, printing and retail establishments; numerous homes and other properties have been destroyed and must be rebuilt. These matters of transportation and distribution, unemployment and reconstruction indicate the directions wherein relief must be had to be effective. A detailed plan is at present under consideration and a definite scheme of operation will shortly be evolved and made public. The opportunity will then be at hand for all American sympathizers with our much-suffering people in Ireland to help alleviate the heavy ills of which they are now the involuntary victims.

New York.

J. L. FAWSITT,
Irish Consul.

A M E R I C A

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1920

Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 29, 1918.

Published weekly by The America Press, New York.
President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSEIN;
Treasurer, FRANCIS A. BREEN.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:

United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.00
Canada, \$4.50 Europe, \$5.00

Address:

THE AMERICA PRESS, 173 East 83d Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

A copy of the Index for Volume XXIII of AMERICA will be mailed to any subscriber applying to the publication office, 173 East 83rd Street, New York City.

A Warning to Republicans.

THE people are not always right, but they are not very frequently wrong. Time alone can tell whether or not the verdict of November 2, 1920, was a mistake. The Republican party is now on trial. An excess of power lodged in one party is as much of a danger to the party itself as to the country. A democracy without a strong minority is in danger of ceasing to function. A party without vigorous opposition usually loses its sense of balance and restraint. Will this prove true in the present instance?

It will, unless the un-American, paternalistic schemes now energetically urged by the National Education Association and similar bodies, are forthwith killed beyond hope of resuscitation. Rightly or wrongly, the people found in an eight-year Democratic Administration, one great cause of the high cost of living. All over the country even the casual observer could discover the fact that millions of Americans intended to vote for Mr. Harding, not because they were Republicans or had any high regard for his ability, but simply because "things couldn't be worse, and under a change may be better." In other words, the Republican party has been chosen under a strict mandate for a change in the direction of national economy. If the party dares disregard that mandate by the creation of new Federal offices and thousands of Federal political office-holders whose sole function will be to eat away our substance by increased taxation, the party will face something far worse, four years hence, than an overwhelming defeat. It will have forfeited, rightly and forever, the confidence of the American people.

Politicians, as a rule, are a stupid tribe. Therefore it behooves the Republican party to reject their leadership. But from the very day after the election, certain Republi-

can politicians have been urging the creation of a Department of Education, neither knowing nor caring whether or not that act would benefit the schools, but simply and solely, for reasons of supposed political advantage. A woman must be placed in the Cabinet. Why? Because the appointment, argue the politicians, will swing the woman vote to the Republican party. As the other portfolios are pre-empted by the men, a new Department must be created.

In other words, the Republican politicians propose to throw the schools into the grimy vat of national politics. They propose to set up every four years a scramble for the headship of the schools, so that some deserving party-worker may be fed at the public crib, and that his immense power of patronage may take care of some man or woman who has faithfully and successfully played the political game. That the great agency thus made a political pawn is the school which shapes the minds and, in a degree, the destinies of twenty million young Americans, and is an institution which should forever be withdrawn from political schemes and strategies, means nothing to this political plunderbund. This, precisely, is their aim, and they hope to achieve it through the enactment of the Smith-Towner bill.

That the bill establishes a Federal politico-educational autocracy, is one of its worst features. But its financial implications cannot be overlooked. Today the country, almost crushed under the burden of a stupendous national debt and facing within the next year an unparalleled financial depression, is in no mood to countenance a new inroad into the Federal treasury, and subsequent higher taxes. Every American citizen should at once protest against the enactment of this iniquitous measure which precipitates the schools into the political arena, and within a short time will annually add hundreds of millions to be raised by new tax-levies on the people. But the chief responsibility for the defeat of this bill rests with the Republican party which controls the present as well as the succeeding Congress. Will the Republicans be wise enough to read the signs of the times, and as the first step toward justifying the confidence reposed in them by the people, reject the Smith-Towner bill which will open the treasury to the political plunderer, and establish a political dictatorship over the schools of every State in the Union?

The Irish Tragedy

THE Irish tragedy is fast reaching a climax, under the brutal management of the Canadian stage director, Sir Hamar Greenwood. To him is due in large measure the horrible orgy of blood and death that recently caused the marrow of civilization to shiver, for very horror. Step by step he has descended the scale of decencies, until now he is in the pit where savagery sucks the blood of civilization and commits its corpse to the rending teeth of dogs. Despite his protestations British rule in Ireland is bankrupt, and evidently he is attempting to

cover his failure by the blood of people innocent of crime, for what have little girls and nursing mothers to do "with plots against the Empire"? There is no hope for Ireland in Greenwood's policy of murder, loot and lechery; none either in the promises of the British junkers of Downing Street, whose counsels are darkened by race prejudices and the threats of the late Kaiser's guest, Carson, whose turgid, blatant rhetoric has terrified Lloyd George and the Cabinet. But are the British people hopeless? Can it be that a nation that flouts its democracy on every possible occasion is willing to allow a sister nation to be annihilated by hired assassins? If so, of what strange nature is British democracy, and how long will it continue to abide with a people that approves of the blackest of black tyrannies? If not, why do the British people not apply the principles of its own democracy to Ireland and order the Government to withdraw the alien troops from Erin? For this is the solution of the Irish problem, and the world knows it.

A College and Sectarianism

A RECENT issue of the Newark *Evening News* is authority for the statement that Rutgers has so amended its charter that hereafter the college will be free from the "charge of being a sectarian institution of learning." It is a bit difficult to fathom the significance of this item. But at first sight it appears to insinuate that it is base to teach young Americans religious doctrine of any kind. If this interpretation be true, then has Rutgers cleared itself of infamy in a most thorough-going fashion, for the resolution reads:

Therefore, be it resolved, that in the opinion of this board it is desirable that said charter be, and the same is accordingly by force of the statute aforesaid, amended and changed so that it shall not hereafter be required that the president of this college shall be a member of the Reformed Church in America; and so that it shall not be required that there shall be, nor shall there be, in said college, any professor or professorship of divinity or instruction in divinity or theology, or preparation for the ministry; and generally that all provisions of said charter of a sectarian character, or whereby said college might be deemed to be affiliated in any manner with any religious sect or denomination, shall be and they are hereby annulled and made void and of no effect, to the end that this college shall be in law and in fact nonsectarian in all respects.

From a financial point of view this is probably an excellent policy. Small doubt that the flesh pots of Rutgers will always be hot and full, but what of the soul of Rutgers? Will it still live? And living, will it impart fire to the spirit of Rutgers' sons? These are foolish questions. Hereafter young men will leave the college indifferent to the most vital force of an upstanding, inspiring life—religion. In the eyes of students, *Alma Mater* stands for ideals that shape character and guide life to a noble, successful issue. And in these homeless days youths value those ideals only that are cherished and inculcated at college. But one of Rutgers' ideals is official indifference towards the strongest and noblest force in the world, religion. Once again the flesh pot has

replaced the altar both in college and in the hearts of students. The result will be blood-seeds of a wasted life.

Self-Restraint or "Self-Expression?"

MUCH of today's thought and literature is so seriously tainted by the Freudian principle that "self-expression" rather than self-restraint is the key of happiness, that this month's intention of the League of the Sacred Heart, the spread of Christian mortification, seems particularly seasonable. The World War, it is now generally agreed, did little good to any of the nations that took part in it. In every land, our own included, the old conventions are disappearing and many of yesterday's restraints and reticences are no longer practised. "Self-expression," so-called, is the slogan of the hour, self-restraint being regarded in many quarters, as a medieval virtue of scant usefulness in our after-war world. But those who are most addicted to "self-expression," it has been observed, have in themselves very little as a rule, that is worth expressing, whereas a man's real strength of character is shown in the twentieth century no less than in the thirteenth, by the success he has in practising self-denial, in keeping the body under, in making the flesh the slave of the spirit.

The only effective way of preserving in a man or woman this necessary subordination of the animal in us to the angel is by the practice of mortification. For the voluntary endurance of little hardships and discomforts *mortifies*, deal a death blow to, the rebellion of the body and keeps the soul in supreme command. The children in the small families of today who are reared on a system of "self-expression" rather than of self-restraint will hardly be able to make the America of tomorrow equal in stirring worth to the nation our fathers left us, nor are the Catholics of 1940 likely to excel in zeal and piety those of today unless our boys and girls learn from their earliest years the importance of self-restraint and acquire the courage to practise it. To keep all the Commandments all the time, calls for great strength of character. But, with the help of God's grace it can be done, and by no one with more success than by him whose vigor of character is strikingly expressed by the daily practice of self-restraint.

Contributors to Our Austrian Relief Fund

REFERRING to the pictures of the starving children of Austria, inserted by us in the advertising section of AMERICA, a subscriber sends his contribution to our Austrian Relief Fund, with the explanation: "They surely brought tears to my eyes. I am an old man of sixty-eight, and am heavily in debt, or would do more." Another casting up his accounts finds that he has eleven dollars to his credit, and determines "to divide about even with the Austrian sufferers." "Though I cannot meet my own obligations at present," a mission priest writes from Montana, "I cannot resist the inclination to give this mite and trust to the Lord for the future."

Donations ranging from one hundred to five hundred dollars are not infrequent, yet even these do not necessarily always suppose large ready bank accounts. Sending a hundred dollars, a priest writes: "This all comes from the very poor before whom I spoke one night at the Holy Hour." Another, forwarding the same amount, explains: "I had a little money in the bank. It has been gaining interest, but I am afraid it would be an interest in guilt for me if I left it there while some might be starving for want of it." What is evident on the part of rich and poor alike is the spirit of faith and the true Christian charity which inspires the gifts. "I am out of work at present, but can spare a few dollars," writes one, and another, making an offering by no means inconsiderable, adds: "I wish it were one thousand times more, but as I am only a working woman I cannot spare any more." The following letter we give in its entirety:

I have been haunted a week past by the pitiful spectacle of

the little children as they appear on page ii of AMERICA, October 23. I envy you your vow of poverty. It's a fearful thing to have the responsibility of a dollar beyond one's actual needs these days of inutterable woe and misery, especially for the little children. And even last year we spent \$22,700,000,000 for luxuries. God help us! Surely the human heart in America is better than that, if it only knew. If the assistants of the Baroness von Rast could only reach individuals by direct contact with that picture, it seems returns would come in. I can only say, "The poor little things!"—and winter coming in, even here now. God help them! I am sending another little gift.

Even from France, contending with its own serious difficulties, comes a generous response to the Austrian Relief Fund. Many parents doubtless will feel like the sender of a donation who writes: "I expect with God's help to be a father during the next few days, and the specter of what might as well be my situation as that of those poor unfortunates abroad prompts the sending of my mite."

Literature

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

FOR a good half-century the camp-followers of literary thought have been battenning on the Swinburne legend. The little man with the big head who haunted Theodore Watts-Dunton's dwelling at Putney was metamorphosed into an embodiment of all the vices from drunkenness to devil-worship and the laureate of all the purple passions glorified by Baudelaire and the French decadents. Swinburne, we were given to understand, was decidedly a fascinating rascal endowed with depraved tastes and with a fatal facility for leading the young and pure into the ways of unrighteousness. His poems were held to be singularly dangerous and indescribably attractive. To read Swinburne was something very naughty and very thrilling. Such was the Swinburne legend.

The term camp-followers I have used advisedly; for the perpetrators of the legend were obviously of that numerous gentry who never catch up with the writers they prate about. They were content to feed fat on gossip; seemingly they never thought of turning, alert and open-minded, to the poems themselves. And so, when Swinburne died in 1909 at the ripe age of seventy-two, several discerning and conscientious admirers of the poet sought to undo the bad effects of the Swinburne legend. The results were rather laudatory appreciations by George Woodberry, Edward Thomas, John Drinkwater and W. B. D. Henderson. Whereupon the camp-followers, weaned from their former errors, adopted opposite but not less extravagant views, and hailed Swinburne as the prophet of a new era in letters, as a philosopher of profundity and discernment, as a poet of pith and power. The camp-followers rushed from extreme to extreme as folks must who prefer to read about writers instead of reading what the writers have written.

From now on, however, even the camp-followers can have no excuse for not learning their Swinburne at first hand. The poet's biographer, Mr. Edmund Gosse, in collaboration with Mr. Thomas James Wise, has edited a volume of "Selections from Swinburne," published by the George H. Doran Company of New York. In 300 pages are gathered what is most representative of the singularly over-rated and under-rated artist who shocked one generation and hypnotized another. It is a needful work, and Gosse and Wise are the right men to do it. Already they have demonstrated their proficiency as Swinburne editors

by their edition of the "Posthumous Poems" (1917) and the "Letters" (1919).

This collection of Swinburne's verses will do his memory even-handed justice. It is eminently representative; of his voluminous contribution to nineteenth-century poesy it is an admirable picture in little. Too often Swinburne has been judged solely in the light of the "Poems and Ballads" of 1866; too often have quotable tags like "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean" and "the roses and raptures of vice," been accepted as typical of everything Swinburne wrote. His *fleurs du mal* are not overlooked in this collection, but they are not given undue prominence. "Dolores" is here, of course, and "Hesperia" and "Before Dawn"; but there is no trace of "Les Noyades," "Hermaphroditus" or "Satia te Sanguine"—and it is only the camp-follower who will lament their absence.

A dip into "Selections from Swinburne" will go far to sustain an earlier impression that Swinburne's place in English poetry—and it is not the lowest place—was secured mainly by reason of his mastery of word music. Often, perhaps usually, he is too lavish in his harmonic display and makes us long for the welcome variety of a bagpipe or a fishhorn; but certainly he knows the secret of moving with concourse of sweet sounds. Even those of us who are loath to regard his favorite anapestic rhythms as indigenous to English prosody are borne aloft on their melodious swell. And his very excesses are the consequence of his prodigality. In such unduly alliterated lines as,

"Slight as the sea's sight of the sea-mew,"
"Softer than sleep's are the sea's caresses,"
"The shapely silver shoulder stoops,"

the music, of course, literally hisses itself into extinction; but clear and mellow and pervasive is the harmony of sound and sense in such stanzas as the following:

Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear.
Let us go hence together without fear;
Keep silence now, for singing-time is over,
And over all old things and all things dear.
She loves not you nor me as all we love her.
Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,
She would not hear.

The great objection to the musical poetry of Swinburne is simply this: There is entirely too much of it. Any man who can read three stanzas of "Faustine" without falling victim to the metrical charm must have the ear of a wooden Indian; but

any man who can read through the entire poem of forty-one four-lined stanzas with their invariably recurring "We know, Faustine," "For you, Faustine," "The same, Faustine," without weariness of spirit, merits a medal for heroic endurance. So many of Swinburne's poems would have been perfect had he cut them down to one tenth their present length.

This complaint of Swinburne's profuseness is an old story. But it is a true story, too. More than one of his partisans have sought to convince the world that Swinburne's verse is thought-crammed and wisdom-freighted, that Swinburne's prose style—really a blending of Euphuus and Mr. Micawber—is terse and masterly, that Swinburne's verbal music, be it in verse or in prose, is mainly a thing of sound only to the untutored ear and brain of the thoughtless and ill-advised. But they have sought in vain. The plain fact is that in Swinburne we find a nearer approximation to the maximum in expression and the minimum in thought and emotion than in any other authentic poet we know. That is the eternal mystery of the man. He rants and raves and roars, he growls and gurgles and groans, he decries things sacred and flouts conventions and does his best to make himself out a splendid sinner; and we are not in the least shocked. All we do is sit back comfortably and remark: "Here is a genuine poet. How charmingly he sings! But what a pity he hasn't something to say."

Swinburne's gift of song is a real endowment, for him and for us, and I for one am glad to do it reverence. After all, why should we reproach a poet for not being a philosopher or even for not having the reticence sanctioned by common-sense? And what if Swinburne's sonorous and splendid nothings are little more than evidences of that echolalia which Max Nordau finds a symptom of degeneracy? Let us at least be glad that Swinburne knew how to sing; and let us rejoice that he has enriched the English tongue with a sheaf of pretty phrases into which, if we so will, we may read a meaning of our own. It is only a poet, and not a minor poet, who could say things like these:

"Flowers without scent, and fruits that would not grow."
 "And time's turned glass lets through the sighing sands."
 "With footless joy and wingless grief."
 "The ghost of a garden fronts the sea."
 "As a god self-slain on his own strange altar."

Swinburne, too, has done some little things admirably. His poems of babyhood, when they are not utterly silly, like "In a Garden," are exquisite and dainty, like his "*Etude Réaliste*"; and his reactions to natural scenery, though frequently surpassed by Wordsworth at his best and—I am almost tempted to say—by Francis Thompson at his worst, carry a conviction of their own. His muse is too rococo a lady to be at ease in the ballad form, but even in that straight garment of unwonted simplicity she yet manages to sing. And what he might have done with a religious theme, had nature and grace endowed him with a depth of adequate intensity, we may conjecture from one of his Italian poems beginning,

Blessed was she that bare,
 Hidden in flesh most fair,
 For all men's sake the likeness of all love;
 Holy that virgin's womb,
 The old record saith, on whom
 The glory of God alighted as a dove;
 Blessed, who bore to gracious birth
 The sweet-souled Saviour of a man-tormented earth.

A humorless commentator once remarked that Swinburne's more sensational verses, despite their forbidding subjects and the obvious zest with which the poet seeks to stimulate human passion, contain a salutary moral inasmuch as they bring home to the reader the fact that the pursuit of illicit pleasure drives the exhausted devotee sooner or later to the shrine of Our Lady of Pain. That sort of literary criticism may serve well enough for that sort of literary critic; but it might have been more suggestive and stimulating to point out that Swinburne, like many another idle singer of an empty day, was haunted by the con-

viction that, do what one may to drain the cup of pleasure, old Father Time will all too prematurely dash the gilded chalice from the thirsting lips.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," old Robert Herrick sadly and whimsically sang many years before; and like an echo cypress-crowned in Swinburne sounds the same unavailing and inescapable refrain:

Glad, but not flushed with gladness,
 Since joys go by;
 Sad, but not bent with sadness,
 Since sorrows die;
 Deep in the gleaming glass
 She sees all past things pass,
 And all sweet life that was lie down and die.

The old year's dead hands are full of their dead flowers,
 The old days are full of dead old loves of ours,
 Born as a rose, and briefer born than she.

Let us be sensible and grateful and accept Swinburne for what he was—"a reed," as Tennyson said, "through which all things blow into music." In our dismal days of prose "vers libertines" the memory of a man who could sing, even if not always unto edification, is solace not to be despised. Poetry is always poetry even if it be but the poetry of "Clouds and blown stars and broken light."

BROTHER LEO.

BEAUTY BENEATH WHOSE HAND

Beauty, beneath whose hand we make
 All that is noble in our lives,
 When passionate desires awake
 And will, grown energetic, strives—
 We hear the doom and dread decree
 Thou sendest forth to pleasure thee.

Denied and dear and perilous!
 Our first, our last, our mightiest love!
 Brooking no rival, tyrannous—
 As all thy votaries can prove—
 Who, loving thee, have lived and died
 With their desires unsatisfied.

We choose thee—and thou sendest pain;
 We seek thee—and thou tarriest long;
 Thou takest toll of nerve and brain,
 And tears are in our happiest song;
 Our hopeless ardors are content,
 Rewarded by their punishment.

But they who fainted in the quest,
 Like those who bartered thee for gold,
 Cry out from their unquiet rest,
 "Bring back, bring back the days of old,
 The days of rapturous agony!"
 Be still. Decay. It may not be.

From pang to sharper pang we go,
 With burning hearts and bleeding feet,
 From woeful bliss to blissful woe—
 Till Beauty, from her heavenly seat,
 Bends down to heal us, breaks her rod,
 And blinds us with the face of God.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

REVIEWS

Letters to a Niece and Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres. By HENRY ADAMS. With a Niece's Memories. By MABEL LA FARGE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., \$2.50.

These charming letters from the author of the "Education" were well worth publishing for they bring out a more amiable and less cynical side of Mr. Adams than his remarkable book

reveals. The letters are twenty-five in number and were written to his niece, Mrs. La Farge, from Paris, London, the South Seas, etc., during the years 1890-1908. They glow with the author's enthusiasm for the Gothic Cathedrals of France, betray his longing for a supernatural faith, and are full of his delicate wit and quiet humor. He writes, for instance:

On the whole, as a combination of high merits, religious and spiritual; artistic as architecture; technical as engineering; for color, form, and thought; for elevation of idea and successful subordination of detail; I suppose Chartres is now the finest thing in the world . . .

Perhaps [Father] John [La Farge] will kindly stick me into his mass. I need it more than you. I've not the least objection to being prayed for . . . In all my life I've never met a Church willing to touch me.

They [the French] are still a little medieval and unequal. Virtue and vice live together, saints and sinners, as they did in the Middle Ages, in contrast each in its fullest form. They have not yet averaged down to the mercantile level. I admit the Boston standard is better, and quite the highest that ever has existed out of Paradise, but the medieval contrasts were more amusing, and I do dearly love a female saint. She is so quaint, Saint Louisa would look very nicely on a glass window. She would convert her wicked uncle, who does nothing but rob and murder; and would make him build a church and feed chickens ever afterwards.

Mrs. La Farge's "Memories" of Henry Adams which fill twenty-three pages of the book, help to supply some of the lacunas of his autobiography and give a portrait of a very amiable gentleman. When dwelling with two nieces in a French chateau during the last years of his life, Mrs. La Farge records, "every evening, before saying good-night the Uncle would ask for a song to the Virgin. With eyes half-closed and head thrown back, he would listen intently, as if joining in the song or prayer himself." At the end of the book is printed Mr. Adams's "Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres" which was "found after his death in a little wallet of special papers." It is the cry of a lost, Catholic-hearted child for the pity of God's compassionate Mother. Let us hope she heard his prayer at last. Some of the stanzas run:

If then I left you, it was not my crime,
Or if a crime, it was not mine alone.
All children wander with the truant Time,
Pardon me too! You pardoned once your Son!

For He said to you: "Wist ye not that I
Must be about my Father's business?" So
Seeking his Father he pursued his way
Straight to the Cross towards which we all must go.

So I too wandered off among the host
That sacked the earth to find the father's clue,
I did not find the Father, but I lost
What now I value more, the Mother,—You!

W. D.

Men and Books and Cities. By ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.50.

In his latest book, and perhaps his best, Mr. Holliday buys a traveling bag, grabs his walking stick, tears himself away from the purlieus of Keene's Chop-house and the furtive tensions of editorial rooms, and sallies forth into the broad spaces of the United States to mingle in the humanities of western cities. The tonic effect is striking. It is that of the city-child turned loose for an afternoon into the country. Figuratively speaking, this caged New Yorker rolls down hills, climbs trees, scorns "No Trespass" signs, and halloos just for the fun of it. It is a glorious joy which radiates delight upon everyone within range. And, unlike the child, and more like the invading bee, the author gathers rich toll to lay at our feet. Mr. Holliday is no superficial, sight-seeing Ulysses. Like his Greek prototype he has not only zest for adventure, but also the "long, long thoughts" of the philosopher.

Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.

A striking instance of Mr. Holliday's method of disguising the serious in a mask of rollicking humor is the chapter in which in the company of Mr. Booth Tarkington he pursues certain genuinely sincere reflections about man's destiny. Caught along by the rush of speculation he careers ahead until Mr. Tarkington, like a Greek chorus, interposes with some remark more or less irrelevant. Then the soliloquy comes to a dead stop. gazes for a moment at Mr. Tarkington with the blank stare of a somnambulist, and resumes its mad gallop. It is delectable impudence which heads this chapter, "Mr. Tarkington and the Cosmos."

It seems to me anyone can see that Mr. Holliday, like Thackeray, at one time thought painting was his true vocation. He has the cartoonist's eye for the salient lines in all his subjects. Hence a sentence is enough for a perfect picture. The style of those sentences is his own. It is the "characteristic style," to employ the well-known distinction of Sir Joshua Reynolds, rather than the "grand style." The author gives us "a peculiar cast of nature," and observes "a perfect correspondence between the subjects which he chooses and his manner of treating them." We must approach Mr. Holliday as we approach Charles Lamb. We are not so much interested in the play as in the Holliday reactions. He does not work up through the rich archaic soil of Lamb; but his roots spread over a larger area of contemporary life.

J. J. D.

The Captives. By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: George H. Doran. \$2.00.

The title of Mr. Walpole's new novel aptly describes the theme of the author's powerful study of the mysterious religious influences at work on the human soul. All the characters in the book, to use the words in which he sums up the meaning of his work, are "captives in a strange country, trying to find the escape, each in his or her fashion, back to the land of their birth." For constructive unity, sustained delineation of character, vivid atmosphere, suggestiveness and careful writing, it is as good if not better than anything Mr. Walpole has done, and his work ranks with the very best. Maggie Cardinal, the strange, undisciplined but attractive girl on whom falls the main burden of carrying the message, is particularly well done, and it is a tribute to his cleverness that he could have made so shy and determined a little rebel so strong in her appeal for sympathy. So much for the form of the book and for the vehicle of its message; the impression conveyed by it leaves much to be desired.

The picture that Mr. Walpole paints is that of a group of people on whom the other world, veiled from human eyes, but intensely real, has cast a religious spell, for better or worse, almost exclusively for worse, summoning them to ceaseless and painful battle; all of them, even those endowed with courage and persistent eagerness to do well, are ignorant, blind, fallible, mistaken, groping for enlightenment but getting only broken lights. As the author describes it, religion has a blighting influence on all those whom it touches, and this notwithstanding the occasional flashes of splendor that break through the shadows. The religious-minded persons who walk through his pages are scoundrels, charlatans, or more or less pitiable victims of some cherished delusion, the only exception being Maggie, who hates religion, struggles against it, and achieves the poor promise of happiness, with which the book closes, by flinging convention and the advice of her religious friends to the winds. The novel may be a fairly accurate representation of the effects of religion as they have come under the author's observation, for the story is lifelike and plausible; but it must be remembered that the making of the characters and the molding of their religious beliefs were both in his hands; if he was drawing from life his observations of the effect of religion on human life have been very circumscribed. Whether Mr. Walpole in-

tends it or not, the impression conveyed by his book in a very realistic way is that religion darkens and spoils human happiness. This is absolutely false of Catholicism, to which, however, the author makes not the slightest reference; it is also untrue of most forms of sincere Protestantism. With its undoubted cleverness, therefore, the book is apt to add fresh impulse to the present tendency to discard religion as a hindrance rather than a help in the struggle of life. Readers of it will extend its application beyond the restricted group the author describes, and such generalizations cannot but prove dangerous. J. H. F.

The Story of Opal, the Journal of an Understanding Heart. By OPAL WHITELEY. With Illustrations. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. \$2.00.

Daisy Ashford's prestige is in grave peril. For there lived in Oregon about fifteen years ago a six-year-old girl of French parentage who wrote the very remarkable diary of impressions and adventures now published as "The Story of Opal." Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, the editor of the *Atlantic*, who stands sponsor for the authenticity of the book, tells us that the author lost her parents when only five and then became an ill-treated little household drudge for a lumber-camp family named Whiteley. The child whose head had been filled with the names and deeds of great historical figures comforted her loneliness by making friends of the domestic animals, the trees of the forest and the beasts of the field, and by carefully chronicling every day all the adventures she had with them.

The author considerably begins her book with a list of the "Characters in the Narrative." We learn that "Brave Horatius," for example, is a shepherd dog, that "Lars Porsena of Clusium" is a pet crow, "Pius VII" a chicken, "William Shakespeare" an old gray horse with an "understanding soul" and "Edward III" a fir tree near the singing creek where the willows grow. That little Opal's parents were Catholics seems to be evidenced by certain expressions in her diary. When her pet crow was shot, the little girl tells, for instance, how she "did sing songs to him about *Ave Maria* and "*Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus*," and she is particularly devout to St. Louis. New-born babies are Opal's passion. One had recently come to her friend "Elsie," but Opal fears the Angels must have made a mistake, for the little one should have been left at the house of "Dear Love." She is finally convinced, however, that the Angels made no blunder. The following passage in praise of St. Louis will show the quaint and original style in which Opal's book is written:

Cassiopee is a pig that does belong to the man that our lane belongs to. After I did tell them all about it being the going-away day of St. Louis, I did go my way to the garden. The golden rod did nod, "It is good that he is born." The tall sunflowers in the garden there did say, "It is his day, it is his day." I went adown the carrot-rows. They were all whispering soft whispers. I have thinks they were saying little thank prayers of the goodness of Saint Louis. The cabbage-plants were all smiling as I passed them by. I think they are right glad for the drink of water I gave each of them last night. From the garden I did go to tell other folks. I did sing the little song of Saint Louis as I did go along.

The judicious reader will wonder how the mature Miss Whiteley of twenty-two was able to piece together the thousands and thousands of small fragments into which her childhood diaries had been torn. Was a little "editing" sometimes necessary? The book would have gained by compression. W. D.

Gallipoli Diary. By GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON, G. C. B., Commander-in-Chief of the Gallipoli Expedition. New York: George H. Doran Co. 2 Vols. \$10.00.

Masefield, Nevinson and Callwell have already told the story of the unfortunate Gallipoli expedition. To these authoritative volumes is now added that of the Commander-in-Chief himself.

Sir Ian Hamilton does not entitle his book a history. It does not pretend to give a connected and complete survey of the finely conceived but wretchedly executed move on the Dardanelles. It is a diary, nothing more. The details of the campaign and the strategic movements of the land troops or the powerful but soon crippled English and French armadas which played a heroic but useless part in the tragic failure, are only incidentally touched upon. The book is a personal record, *Commentarii de Bello Gallipolitano*, we might entitle it. It is a soldier's book, plain, vigorous, outspoken. Sir Ian paints with equal skill battles on the shores of Suvla Bay, or the agonies of sinking dreadnoughts. He pauses to record in a single feeling word that Rupert Brooke is dead, gasps in horror at the thought that so many brave men are summoned in the bloom of youth to the yawning jaws of death, and that war "will smash, pulverize, sweep into the dustbins of eternity the whole fabric of the Old World." He calls upon "Almighty God, Watchman of the Milky Way, Shepherd of the Golden Stars" to have mercy upon him and his men, and cries "Thy will be done." The Gallipoli campaign failed. As Commander-in-Chief Sir Ian Hamilton had to bear the burden of defeat, and the disgrace of a recall when ordered to transfer his command to General Munro. He bore it all with soldierly resignation, although he knew he suffered in great part from the blunders of others which he could not remedy but which were fatal to the success of his expedition. The "Diary" does not give a full history of the ill-starred adventure. It reveals in the person of its soldier-author a finely-tempered character, a sincere and honest fighting-man. J. C. R.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Eugénie at Home.—During a large part of the year 1886 Agnes Carey was a guest at Farnborough Hill, England, from which she wrote letters every day to her grandmother and kept a careful diary of what she saw and heard. All this material she has now made good use of in her very readable volume "Empress Eugénie in Exile" (Century). The daily life of Eugénie is recorded, her mansion and household described, her anecdotes and reminiscences duly chronicled. In the course of the volume is vividly recounted the Empress' escape from Paris in 1870, and many interesting episodes of her career. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder wanted the author to publish the book years ago but it has wisely been kept till now. Richly illustrated and giving an observant woman's intimate impressions of the ex-Empress of the French, the book should be read along with Count Fleury's "Memoirs" (Appleton, \$7.50) recently reviewed in these columns. Both works would make good Christmas gifts.

Readable Fiction.—"The Trumpeter Swan" (Penn Pub. Co., Philadelphia, \$2.00), Temple Bailey's latest story, has its scene laid in the Virginia of today, where two suitors court the fair "Becky." Though a Protestant, she had been educated at the Georgetown Visitation Convent, where she profited much by Sister Loretto's precepts and example. A wholesome and romantic tale.—Lida C. Schem in her thick two-volume novel, "The Hyphen" (Dutton, \$6.00), gives a powerful and interesting study of German and German-American psychology as manifested during the late war. The hero, the offspring of German and Russian stock, is as absolutely loyal to American ideals as he is perfectly convinced of the fallacies of Socialism. As regards religion, however, after many experiments, he finds himself professing a brand of Oriental Unitarianism.—"The Night Horseman" (Putnam, \$1.90), by Max Brand, is a wild story of mountain life, full of movement and charm.—The story of the sufferings of the Russian Jew, especially as experienced by reason of the deceptions and rapacity of co-religionists, is vividly portrayed by Anzia Yezierska in "Hungry Hearts" (Houghton,

Mifflin, \$1.90).—"Blind" (Macmillan, \$2.00), Ernest Poole's latest book, covers the experiences of a writer during a crowded quarter of a century. The story takes the form of the biography of a typically prosperous American who passed his life bohemian-like, criticising the foibles of our democracy, and finally joining the ranks of democracy in the great battles overseas. The war leaves him blind and in his blindness he writes of his experiences in America and abroad in peace and in war. The war is but a part of the great revolution that will slowly make a better world, is the apparent message of the story.—"A World to Mend" (Little, Brown, \$2.00), by Margaret Sherwood, is the supposed journal of a cobbler during the days of the war. In an obscure Maine village the cobbler touches American life before and during the war period. Written in diary form the book deals with the strength and weakness of American democracy. Too little sense of individual responsibility in citizenship, too many bloated fortunes in the land of the free, too much class-consciousness on the part of capital and labor are the chief faults of Americans. But the unselfishness aroused by the war in the hearts of individual Americans is a hopeful sign for the future of the nation. The cobbler however wanders rather far from his last in advocating the rewriting of our Revolutionary history, so that young America may henceforth learn that the Revolution was only a family quarrel.

In Lighter Vein.—In "The Abandoned Farmers" (Doran, \$3.00) Irvin S. Cobb humorously describes the trials and tribulations he had, first in finding an "abandoned farm," though they are commonly reputed to be thicker than blackberries, especially in New England, and then in making his new home just what his friends would like to see it. Though he adopted with resignation nearly all their suggestions he held out firmly against their entreaties to construct a "den." He glowed with satisfaction while a yokel protested that one of Mr. Cobb's books made him "just natchelly bust" his sides with laughter. "What book was that?" asked the author. "It's called 'Fables in Slang,'" the yokel answered. The humor of professedly funny books often grows thin and Mr. Cobb's is not free from the blemish.—Eleanor Farjeon's "Gypsy and Ginger" (Dutton, \$2.00) are a newly-married English couple who also go hunting for a cottage to be happy in and meet in their travels all kinds of "droll" and whimsical people, such as the man who devoted his life to setting captive birds free. But the book will not make American readers laugh much.—Gerald H. Thayer's "inverted legend" about "The Seven Parsons and the Small Iguanodon" (Putnam, \$1.25), with suitable illustrations by Norman Jacobsen, describes in verse how a benevolent prehistoric monster rescued a little "Sabbath-breaking" boy from seven scandalized ministers.

Father Drexelius.—Sister Marie José Byrne has translated from Latin into good English and the Rev. Ferdinand E. Bogner has edited an excellent spiritual book called "Considerations on Eternity" (Pustet) by Father Jeremias Drexelius, S.J., the author of the well-known "*Heliotropium*," published by the Devin-Adair Co. From his wide reading of the commentators on the Scriptures, of the Fathers, lives of saints, and the classics the author offers nine chapters of meditations on the nature of eternity and the practical bearing the thought of everlasting happiness or misery ought to have on the Christian's life. It is a solid book of old-fashioned asceticism which is just the medicine our thoughtless self-indulgent age requires.—Father Garesché's latest book is called "The Paths of Goodness" (Benziger, \$1.50), and consists of twenty-seven readable ascetical papers and editorials that appeared originally in the *Queen's Work*.—"The Sacred Heart and Mine in Holy Communion" (Kenedy, \$1.15) is the name of a little book of Eucharistic thoughts which Sister Mary

Philip has "drawn from the Titles of the Sacred Heart and the Writings of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque."—Under the rather infelicitous name "A Man Who Was a Man" (Paraclete Pub. Co., Cornwells Heights, Penna., \$1.50) the Rev. Michael A. Kelly, S.T.L., Ph.D., of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, has written a series of studies of St. Joseph "the Saint of the commonplace." The author follows Our Divine Lord's foster-father through the steps of his earthly career, drawing practical lessons which bear on the evils of the day.

For Children.—Florence Constable Bicknell has put into good English Jean-Henri Fabre's "The Secret of Everyday Things" (Century, \$2.50), sixty "informal talks" that the great Catholic scientist had with his little nephews and nieces. Numberless mysteries, from the way pins and soap are made to the nature of fire, air and water and the processes of distillation, dyeing and weaving, are brought with great clearness and literary skill down to the comprehension of children.—Mr. Bertram Smith was an English journalist who died two years ago, after writing such excellent books for children as "Days of Discovery" and "A Perfect Genius." There has recently appeared another volume of essays from his pen entitled "Running Wild" (Dutton, \$2.00) and describing from the boy's point of view the adventures a family of brothers had in a Scotch manor house. In twenty-eight short chapters the author recalls the delightful fun they had, and points out the difference between the boys' attitude toward life and that of "Those in Authority." Adults will probably see more in the book than children will, but even the latter will discern the practical wisdom in such papers as "Jokes" and "Pockets." Good Christmas books.

"Ethics" and Sociology.—In "The Control of Ideals" (Knopf, \$2.00), H. B. Van Wesep offers a contribution to the "study of ethics." The book is made up of a series of essays purporting to reveal the real remedy against war. The usual gratuitous assumption of discarded evolutionary theories appears and the author moves happily forward to his conclusions with this assumption as a basic principle. No word of will, conduct or intellect and of course no mention of eternal law ever finds mention in this travesty on ethics. Individualism bearing upon the sacredness of human life, in the "post-bellum era," we are told, will gradually dissipate our false ideals and lead us to see the inherent wrong of war as it strikes at human life in the individual. The awakening of consciousness to this ideal will make war impossible. The most remarkable thing about this book is the price.—Moorefield Storey's "Problems of Today" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.50) is the title of the 1920 Godkin Lectures. By far the best chapters are those on "The Use of Parties" and "Race Prejudice." The author has missed the entire point of the Irish question in its bearing on American principles, and his treatment of the labor problem is weak. There is a healthy note of optimism running through the entire book and a temperate tone in controverted theories that is very attractive. The reader looking for an exhaustive treatment will be disappointed.—Henry Chellaw's "Human and Industrial Efficiency" (Putnam) is a brief plea for the human factor in industry. He deals with scientific management, welfare work, executive training, and employee selection. There is no pretense made by the author to do more than touch upon the subjects he is treating. For the present effort is intended as an introduction to a larger volume of a more specialized kind. In applying sociology to the selection of employees Mr. Chellaw goes to extremes in urging employers to take great care "to notice the ears, lips and chin. . . . Speaking empirically it is much easier to handle a dark haired person than a light-haired one." But no empiricism seems to have entered the realm of baldness.

EDUCATION

Music History in Our Schools

THE study of music history derives its importance chiefly from the fact that it is closely involved in the valid judgment of musical works, styles, and schools, if it is not actually the condition and groundwork of musical criticism. Every art work has a history behind it, which must be taken into account; it is the sign of a tendency, it cannot be separated from its causes, and its environment, and therefore the conditions of its accomplishment enter into the estimate of its meaning and hence its value. Whatever its abstract esthetic worth may be to a later generation, its instructiveness will be missed unless one is able to ascertain something of the motive of its author and its significance to the men of its own time. All art-works, musical works included, are more or less profound revelations of human life. It is this connection with life that furnishes the motive to the study of music history.

There is scarcely anything which is more interesting, or more suitable for study in its historical developments, than music. It is unlike other arts in being essentially modern, and we are in a position these days to piece together a tolerably continuous record of the progress of musical art, from the earliest times to the period when its modern forms presented themselves. We can decide, for instance, why a particular kind of choral music came to its highest perfection first, and how and why a defined kind of instrumental music was brought to perfection at a later period, and why certain men and certain nations were drawn to the development of organ music, and certain others to violin music, and certain others to operatic music. It seems that if we observe the facts which are greatly in evidence, and endeavor to frame our conclusions from them patiently, we shall find many things of the most inestimable service even for the application of such abilities as we have to execution and composition.

In general education the study of history is that study which is employed for developing and training a man's judgment. The study of the history of music has a corresponding function in the education of the musician. The musician studies the history of his art so that, his mind being stored with the knowledge of the past and the lessons which it teaches, he may become capable of forming sound judgments upon the artistic products and the artistic tendencies of the present. This is the chief object of all historical study, that we may by a study of the problems of the past and the solution which each particular age supplied, be more qualified to grapple with the problems of our own times. In artistic matters this would imply the power to discriminate between artistic products which ring true and those of baser metal, between those tendencies which make for progress and those which lead to decadence. A consequence would be a desire to give our influence and support to the former, and our strenuous opposition to the latter. Next in importance to a knowledge of music itself, is that knowledge which will enable us to arrange such music in chronological order.

TEACHERS' QUERY ANSWERED

THERE are many students and teachers of music who ask what is the good of studying the history of music in particular? Of the many reasons that may be adduced in favor of the study, let me cite two, given by the historian Ambros: "I understand the developed art," he writes, "only after understanding its earlier stages and gradual growth." And again:

The artist learns from the history of art a serious truth, which otherwise he may often not comprehend, the truth that also in times which the gay world of today no longer knows, the noblest lived and labored, and left rich treasures

for humanity; that also in the domain of art as elsewhere, the sum of our experiences, but not the intelligence and talent, has become greater; and that there can hardly be a worse mistake than the one indicated by the following words of Jean Paul: "In the centuries before us, humanity seems to grow up; in those after us, to wither away; and in our own, to burst into magnificent bloom."

These reasons should convince even the most prejudiced disbelievers of the utility of musical history.

The history of this art has to deal with something peculiar to it, that makes it particularly difficult to the ordinary student. This something is technique, its nature, its growth and changes of styles. The narrative of the lives of great composers and their works alone does not constitute a history of music; in fact, it is only a subordinate accompaniment of the real history, of the account of the developments and vicissitudes of melody, harmony, counterpoint, form, and last, but certainly not least, the spirit that prompts these and expresses itself through them. History then is concerned with movements, a series or network of movements, which overlap each other in all imaginable ways. In this intricacy lies the difficulty in teaching and learning history. We may cite a very early example of this overlapping of movements. Whilst Nanino continued the pure vocal ecclesiastical style of Palestrina, Giovanni Gabrieli cultivated a more worldly concerted style, and Monteverdi revolutionizes the art in all its branches.

The history of music then can be had from text-books and biographies. Histories and biographies and critical essays are certainly of great value and to be used constantly, but only in connection, so far as possible, with actual musical works. The basis for the proper study of the history of any art is not books about art, but the direct, first-hand study of art itself. Every teacher of the history of music should bring before his pupils as many of the representative works of the masters as possible and set them for study, with a view of forming personal impressions. He should endeavor to arouse the investigating spirit of his pupils and inspire critical confidence. He should see that the chief musical forms, the sonata, the fugue, and the rest, are understood. He should draw attention to the salient beauties of the masterpieces, and set them in their proper light; and in giving reasons for praise and dispraise, he should help his pupils to weigh opinions in face of representative works and form conclusions for themselves.

THE FRUIT OF COMPARATIVE STUDY

THE scientific comparative study of the works of the masters of music leads the student inevitably into generalizations, the most instructive and fruitful to the imagination. The technical analysis of works soon gives way to the study of those works as the result of processes, and the tracing of processes extends into the recognition of relationships which connect the lives and works of composers with issues of the widest sweep and importance. Musical works have other values than the immediate and esthetic impression; they unite with other manifestations of human thought to cast light upon the ever-present human problems. The values exert an influence upon the very esthetic impression, and our enjoyment of an art work is simply the latest term in a series of intellectual and emotional experiences. The student of musical history will therefore hear musical works through a somewhat different medium from that of one who has little or no comparative knowledge.

The study of music from a historic standpoint is the only sure foundation for the positive understanding of musical works. It alone can give the power of estimating their true worth unaffected by the taste of the times. With a clear idea of the historic development of music, it is possible to consider the older composers from the standpoint of their times and to recognize in those of today the progressive principle which is ever at work, seeking to develop and perfect expression. It must be emphasized that

the aim of all this study is a clear conception of the growth and development of the various forms that music has assumed from time to time, as well as ability to enable the student to classify them and to inform himself of their originators and of those who perfected them. An acquaintance with the principal works of these great men is, of course, indispensable. This knowledge which the student acquires through the history of music is one of spirit and substance, rather than one of mere word and letter. It considers the composers impersonally, to bring out the reforms which they have inaugurated, and the influence of their works upon the art in general.

BEGINNINGS OF THIS STUDY

THE study of the history of music is best begun by reading a short résumé of the greatest epochs of the principal races and nations from antiquity to the present time. With this as a beginning elaboration of these meager facts into living, inspiring, instructive passages is a matter for the greater historians whose works rank as literature. The reading of general history is necessary with the reading of music history. It reduces the specialty music to its proper place in human affairs. It gives to the art, proportion, and bounds it on all sides, thus preventing the narrowing of the artist by egotism. Once this is comprehended, historical reading assumes a fresher and more personal aspect; fresher because the study appears in a new light, and more personal, because it enters into a more intimate and friendly relation with the student's educational prosperity and intellectual welfare. It is apparent then that the serious study of the history of music is a vital and indispensable arch completing and supporting a broad and useful education.

The teacher of the history of music must be fully prepared to explain every historical problem that touches on the correct interpretation of music. Mere biographical narrative is a matter of secondary importance. The history of music is essentially a study of the history of forms, whether it be their origin, which embodies their innermost characteristics, or their gradual growth, their bloom and their decay. The history of forms, if thus presented, will develop more readily than anything else the student's instinct of style. Mere theoretical explanation will not produce practical results; the study must be accompanied by illustrations. Without copious and well-selected illustrations of their art and ideals, the historical lessons will contain but so many words and very little educational value. Historical and technical training must go hand in hand, if the course of studies is to be considered perfect, and in the art of music particularly, one cannot be considered a well-balanced musician, who has not paralleled these two phases of a musical education.

The reading of musical history tends to the cultivation of broad-minded views, enabling one to view matters in their true perspective and correct proportions. A man so trained is not liable to become biased and warped in his opinions, whilst his faculty of critical perception is strengthened and improved. In his daily routine he is helped to appreciate works that may previously have sounded merely pedantic and archaic, for he now understands the conditions under which they were composed, and he learns that, when estimating a piece, it is necessary to know something of its original environment, in order to discover what standards to apply to it. Compositions must be judged, not only by what they seem to be, but by what the composer intended them to be. To compare a sixteenth-century madrigal with a modern vocal work, is not fair to the latter, and particularly unfair to the former. A student of musical history is advised to take all notable composers in their chronological order, and to make a carefully thought-out epitome of their lives, including only those facts that are vital and essential.

In conclusion it may be truthfully stated that no professional

musician, instrumental or vocal, can be a master of his art, without a knowledge of music history. He needs to know musical history. First, because it provides him with the proper perspective. To interpret any composition correctly, the performer must comprehend the purpose of the composer in writing it. He will find it much easier to do this, if he is first furnished with an insight into the general trend of artistic endeavor and the level of creative achievement in the period to which the composition belongs. Secondly, every composition comes before the player as an actual expression of the thought or feeling of an era. It is not simply a phase in the history of the art of music, and this must be understood by the serious music student. Thus the pages of all composers are an open book to him. It is for him to trace the marvelous progress of musical art, and to deduce the right manner of performance of the music of each period and every master.

J. JOSEPH KELLY, Mus.D

SOCIOLOGY

Prisoners Marking Time

"HE can make ten marks each day, and from one to three additional marks for extraordinary diligence or industry."

You might imagine the above statement applied to some high school or college student. As a matter of fact it does not. It applies to every member of a unique *collegium* where 500 men are marking time. I mean that literally. For they are all prisoners serving an indeterminate sentence. For them it is not merely a question of detainment, for six months or two years with some fixed deduction for good conduct. The time they spend in satisfying justice is fixed in the form of marks. For example, a man has been convicted of a crime that calls for one year's imprisonment. The culprit is notified of the fact in the ordinary judicial process, and he is then assigned 3,600 marks on a basis of ten marks each day. By added effort he may gain thirteen marks which is the maximum. It is clear then that by personal effort he need not serve a full year. For his sentence is indeterminate. However, he may serve more than a year. If he refuses to use his opportunity to reduce his sentence he may very easily prolong it. He may be so incorrigible as to earn no marks at all and put himself on the level of zero.

It was at Hart's Island, New York, where I saw the indeterminate sentence functioning. Prisoners are received on the indeterminate sentence not only at Hart's Island, but at Blackwell's, Riker's, at the Reformatory of Misdemeanors in New Hampton, N. Y., and at the City Prison in Queens. The indeterminate sentence operates under the Parole Commission of the City of New York. This commission came into existence under Chapter 579, Laws of 1915, amended by Chapter 287, Laws of 1916, entitled: "An act extending and developing the reformatory and correctional functions of workhouses, penitentiaries and reformatories under the jurisdiction of departments of correction in cities of the first-class, providing for the sentence, commitment, parole, conditional discharge and reaprehension of persons committed to such institutions and for the establishment of a parole commission in such cities." The mayor of the city is empowered to appoint three persons, who with the Commissioner of Correction and the Police Commissioner as *ex-officio* members shall constitute the Parole Commission.

According to the law any person convicted of an offense punishable by imprisonment in any institution that is controlled by the Department of Correction shall receive the indeterminate sentence. In penitentiary and reformatory commitments the maximum term is three years, and in workhouse commitments it is two years. It is further provided by law that the committing magistrates are entitled to sit with the Commission and to vote on the question of parole. In the case of penitentiary commitments the Judge or Court must approve of the parole in writing before it can become effective.

THE INDIVIDUAL EQUATION

AT first sight the method of the Commission in fixing the sentence appears puzzling if not inconsistent. And unless you realize that each case is treated individually and not according to a set rule of procedure the entire attitude of the Commission in handling the prisoner will be misunderstood. For example, a man with a previous prison record may get off with a lighter sentence than a first offender. Almost anyone asked off-hand to determine a sentence would give the longer period to the man with a previous prison record. But the Commission takes up the case of Bill Jones as an individual. And while it finds that ten years ago Bill Jones had spent an enforced vacation at the expense of the State, and maybe five years before that he had been summering or wintering on some island in the river, his record for the last ten years shows that he had tried to live down the past and had actually succeeded up to the present unfortunate moment when he finds himself in the toils of the law. Awaiting sentence with him is John Doe who has no criminal record against him. But on investigation the Commission finds that John Doe belongs to the clever criminal class, and while guilty of serious crimes has never been caught before. He may have been the clever director of a set of drug peddlers. When the "gang" were hunted down he was not among them. In a word he belongs to the class of successful criminals who give the lie to the educational faddists that insist on identifying crime with ignorance. The investigation of the Commission establishes the fact, and John Doe, with the paper record of a first offender and the real record of an old offender who has successfully dodged the hand of the law, goes up for a longer term than Bill Jones with his two prison records against him. Or again a man may steal a package without knowing the value of its contents. Well, the law values it in this way. If the contents amount to \$50 or a fraction below, the act is petit larceny; if a fraction above \$50 the act is grand larceny. After all the man's motive was to steal the package. And it is the Commission's object to investigate the individual case so thoroughly that not only the offense in its legal worth shall be estimated, but that the offender and his motive shall be accurately estimated. Needless to say such investigation is most comprehensive and brings in all kinds of attendant circumstances. And it may happen that the value of the article stolen is the least cogent factor in the case.

THE PAROLED PRISONER

IT is really at the time of the prisoner's release that the Parole Commission does its most important work. He is then brought to the office of the Commission and given instructions on the conditions of his parole. His individual history is placed in the hands of the parole officer to whose care he is entrusted. He may break parole without violating the law. If he is instructed by the Commission to avoid a certain neighborhood or certain individuals and he disobeys instructions he is liable to arrest on warrant issued by the Commission. Twice a month the paroled prisoner must report to the officer who is responsible for him. One very important point insisted on is this: No prisoner is paroled until work of some kind is secured for him. In fact the Commission has an employment agent who is in touch with organizations that help in securing positions for paroled prisoners. The more perfect the placement work becomes the more successful will be the general work of the Parole Commission. Indeed everyone interested in prison work realizes what a dangerous thing idleness is to the discharged or paroled prisoner. The Commission is alive to this fact. Again it must be remembered that the parole is not a discharge. In the mind of the Commission each man on parole is serving the full term imposed by law. So it is the purpose of the Commission to make the terms of imprisonment as short as they can reasonably be made in fulfilling the ends of justice and the needs of the individual case.

Since the law has been in operation experience seems to show that the prisoner responds to the confidence reposed in him by the parole plan. That is, of course, the man who has enough good in him to respond to any appeal. And as is evident neither the Commission nor the parole can meet the hardened criminal.

Without doubt the feasibility of the methods followed by the Parole Commission is best proved by the fact that violations of parole have decreased each succeeding year since the law establishing the Commission went into effect. Another rather encouraging sign for those who have been interested in this method of dealing with prisoners is the war record of the paroled prisoners. At least 257 men released on parole in 1918 served with the armed forces of the nation in her hour of trial. The last report of the Parole Commission concludes by reminding the city government that this experiment in criminology has its economic value. For it has lessened the number of city dependents by decreasing commitments, and has enabled a large number of men to become self-supporting under the system of parole. Certainly during the relatively brief period of its existence the Parole Commission has vindicated itself.

GERALD C. TREACY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Honors for St. Louis University
Dental Department

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY, which at present is conducting its campaign for a Centennial Endowment Fund of \$3,000,000, announces that its dental department has recently been selected by the Government as one of the ten institutions whose graduates will in future fill all the vacancies in the Dental Corps of the United States army. To qualify students for commissions in the army, Major Robert W. Kerr, of the army medical corps, has been appointed at the University as professor of military science and tactics. Father William F. Robison, S.J., President of the University, speaks encouragingly of the results of the campaign. The Knights of Columbus of the State of Missouri have pledged themselves to raise \$250,000. Two exceptional gifts, of \$50,000 each, were received from Julius S. Walsh and Edward R. Stettinius. But it is the enthusiasm of the rank and file that brings the greatest comfort to the sponsors of the Centennial Endowment Fund whose attainment is absolutely necessary if the oldest educational institution of the West is to maintain its position among the leading seats of learning in the United States. Gifts for the fund may be addressed to St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

Adventurous Alaskan Journey
of Aged Bishop

ACKNOWLEDGING the receipt of a check of \$4,475, recently sent to Bishop Crimont's Alaskan mission by two generous benefactresses, the chancellor of the Alaskan vicariate apostolic remarks with great gratitude that this is the largest sum ever sent to the good Bishop by any individual. But the interest of the communication lies in the account given of Bishop Crimont himself, who was just then returning from an extensive trip into the interior of Alaska. To understand more completely the hardships here described it must be remembered that the Bishop is a frail man, half way between sixty and seventy years of age. He had been "frozen up" in the Yukon River, during the course of his trip, and so was obliged to leave his boat at the mercy of the ice, and to walk on foot over one hundred miles to the nearest town. What such a journey, continued for days over the rough ice fields and hillocks of icy snow, implies, at a temperature perhaps forty degrees below zero, the missionaries alone can tell who have wandered unaccompanied over these vast tracts. At the nearest station the aged Bishop cabled that he would obtain a dog team with which to travel 200 miles

further north to Fairbanks. Thence he would come down to Anchorage by the Government railroad. But since this is not completed he would again be obliged to walk ninety-five miles on foot. The remaining 450 miles he would make in whatever way Providence would provide. Many weeks would pass from the time that he left his ice-locked boat in the Yukon River and the day he could again warm himself at his own hearth fire, and plan his next journey through the ice and snow. Bishop Crimont, as our readers may remember, dedicated his Alaskan mission to the Little Flower, and organized for its support the Guild of the Little Flower. His address is: The Bishop's Residence, Box 1073, Juneau, Alaska.

Senator Harding's Code of Journalism

HERE are the rules drawn up by Senator Harding for the direction of every reporter and writer on the staff of the *Marion Star* during the period of his editorship:

Remember there are two sides to every question. Get them both.

Be truthful. Get the facts.

Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong.

Be decent, be fair, be generous.

Boost—don't knock.

There's good in everybody. Bring out the good and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody.

In reporting a political gathering give the facts, tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike. If there is any politics to be played, we will play it in our editorial columns.

Treat all religious matters reverently.

If it can possibly be avoided, never bring ignominy to an innocent man or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortunes of a relative.

Don't wait to be asked, but do it without the asking, and, above all, be clean and never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type.

I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child.

All honor to the President-elect for this noble code. May its underlying principles of reverence, justice, charity and fair play for all dominate his own presidential career.

Various Views on French African Troops

THE statements of the London *Daily Herald* regarding the atrocities ascribed to the black African troops stationed in Germany are regarded by the Paris *Matin* as legends and German propaganda. A German paper, the *Christlicher Pilger*, is cited in evidence that the black troops have borne themselves correctly and the blame is laid on "a certain class of young German women." On the other hand the League of German Women describes the existing conditions as terrible beyond all words, and the American novelist, Miss Beveridge, engaged in relief efforts for the starving children, in certain parts of Germany, appeals to all neutrals and to the women of the Entente countries "to save white women from terror, brutality and demoralization." The French editor, M. Jean Finot, in his *Revue Mondiale*, considers the question from another point of view, and regards the employment of African blacks in Germany as "a menace to the honor and future of France." He agrees with the statement of United States officials in describing the reports as exaggerations, but his conclusions are thus summed up:

He points to the danger threatening his country, as arising from the many protests voiced against the "black disgrace on the Rhine." M. Finot thinks it a mistake not to have seriously considered the feelings of the population of the occupied territory in advance, and to have sent there troops made up of men recruited among African tribes of whom one would necessarily have to expect certain excesses.

While he thinks the charges raised by the Germans are exaggerated, he admits that the protests coming from people residing in neutral and allied countries are all the more deserving of consideration. He notes, for instance, that important Swedish papers are now writing of France in a style employed against Germany during the war, while papers appearing in Anglo-Saxon countries are making much of the cases of criminal attacks on women and young girls.

French Catholics will doubtless heartily agree with M. Finot when he urges that the best interests of France demand quick and effective action in order to silence the charges that are being made, as when Miss Beveridge writes of the most grievous crimes committed daily. He suggests that there are two methods of procedure. The first is the appointment of an international committee of investigation. Since this process would be too slow, he recommends the withdrawal of the troops in question, and their replacement by troops from the capital, stating that an army of occupation should always be composed of picked men. He concludes with the following recommendation to his countrymen: "There is nothing left for us to do but immediately and thoroughly to close up this fountain-head of misunderstandings between France and other countries, including Germany. By doing this we would also furnish a new proof of the altruistic sentiments France bears even towards its enemies of yesterday." This course will certainly appeal strongly to all Catholics. In conclusion, the outrages widely reported to have taken place at Treves, where the African troops are not stationed, have been officially denied from the local chancery office.

Catholic Women's Roll of Fame

MANY women contributed a substantial share to the building of our national prosperity. There were Catholics among them, but who has ever given these "valiant women" credit for their abilities and achievements? Even Catholics fail in this respect. In the exploiting of the reasons why this should be regarded as the woman's era the names of the great American Catholic women leaders are conspicuously absent. The United States Catholic Historical Society has taken the occasion of its third annual intercollegiate historical competition to remedy this. The subject chosen is "Margaret Brent, the First Suffragist and Some Other Women Leaders in Catholic American Annals" and the circular sent to all our Catholic colleges and seminaries inviting the undergraduate students to enter the contest says:

Margaret Brent, of Maryland, was the first American woman to claim the right of suffrage as a tax-paying property holder, insisting that her sex was no bar to the fullest political equality with her fellow-colonists. She amply proved her executive ability and her efficiency as a leader in the affairs of the colony during one of its most troublesome eras.

Following Margaret Brent, during the Colonial and the later constructive period of the Republic, and all through the last century, there have been other Catholic women, who, as educators, founders of religious communities, philanthropists, and social workers, have left a record that made womanhood, the Church and the Nation their debtors. Justice is seldom done to their careers, even the bare outlines of which seem to be unknown to the recorders who chronicle the accomplishments of those selected for the roll of honor of great American women.

The prize for the third Intercollegiate Historical Essay Contest will be awarded to the writer who will offer the best presentation of the lives and work of the six most notable women in Catholic American annals. The selection of this group will indicate the accuracy and the breadth of the writer's historical instinct.

For the best essay a prize of \$100 will be given by the Society. It will be of interest to know the names of the six women whose careers are considered as qualifying. They are to be placed at the head of the American Catholic women's roll of fame.